

THIRTY CENTS

AUGUST 16, 1963

THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION
Worldly, Worldwide, Catholic and Protestant

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Bernard Salzman

THE ARCHBISHOP
OF CANTERBURY

VOL. 82 NO. 7

(EST. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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Union Texas Petroleum is Allied Chemical's newest division — and the starting point for many promising new materials. New plastics, new fibers, new films begin with the chemical "building blocks" furnished by Union Texas Petroleum. This division furnishes high-quality liquefied petroleum gas—*butane* and *propane*—as domestic and commercial fuel for many states in the

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■ Report to truck operators from B.F. Goodrich



THIS ONE EARNED A NICKNAME

We called this new B.F. Goodrich truck tire the "Extra Miler" when we introduced it last January. It earned that name on the Pecos, Texas test track where it delivered 32.1% more mileage than the next best original equipment tire tested. Now the reports are coming in from commercial fleets, confirming the test results: With BFG's new SUPER-SYN rubber in the new 3-rib tread, the Extra Miler is giving more mileage than other original equipment quality tires.

What's more, the Extra Miler has earned itself a nickname from our friends in the trade... the "Big H". Actually, it's more than just a nickname. Those "H"

tread patterns interlock to make the broad center rib an almost solid block of tough tread rubber for longer wear. The "H" is precisely angled for maximum traction (up to 22% more traction on wet pavement).

Add up: extra miles, outstanding traction, plus safety—and you'll agree the "Big H" is the best tire value for any truck operator. Next time you need truck tires for replacement or original equipment, specify the

B.F. Goodrich Extra Miler. Or call it the "Big H", if you like. Our friends do, and we're making a lot of new friends with this tire. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.





He Should Have Been A Mother

When Godfrey says eat, people eat.

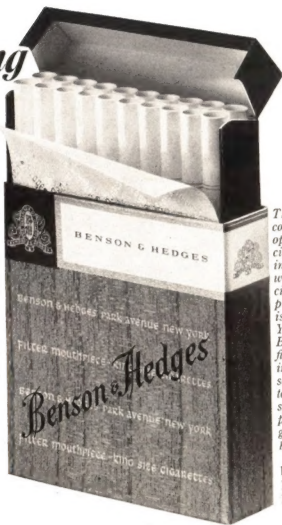
"Only 20 weeks after Arthur Godfrey started advertising Morton House canned foods," says Mr. Lonnie V. Merrill, Vice President of Marketing, "our sales volume has increased 56.9%, and much of this increase we attribute to the splendid job that Godfrey is doing."

How does he do it? It's true, Godfrey has a

way of describing food that makes your mouth water. But that's not all of it. The secret is that people trust Godfrey like a mother. When he says, "Try it. It's good," they do. And it is good. So sales go up.

If you have a good product, there's no one who can get people to eat it up like Arthur Godfrey. Try him. He's good.

Grand Opening



The pleasure of your company is requested at the opening of this distinctive cigarette packet. You are invited to slip away the outer wrapping and slide the cigarettes out of their protective shell. Note that each is firm, neat, and unbruised. You will meet the famous Benson & Hedges recessed filter mouthpiece and be introduced to choice tobaccos, selected, aged, and blended to tobaccodom's most exacting specifications. No door prizes, but everyone with good taste will be there. R.S.V.P. Your Local Tobacconist.

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There still are places where the loudest noise is a temple gong and the most urgent decision is between ivory and jade in a dim, cool shop. Go there via the BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 Jet Bridge, with the only same-plane service from New York to the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. Stop over in San Francisco, Honolulu and Tokyo at no increase in air fare. Daylight flying all the way is your guarantee of not missing anything.

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For Information: Office of Information, School of General Studies, New York 27, N.Y. Riverside 9-2800. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, SCHOOL OF GENERAL STUDIES

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 14
Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.)¹⁰ A drama about a blind and deaf Indian girl from the slums of Singapore who is brought to the U.S. for treatment. Zia Mohyeddin is the instructor. Repeat.

Thursday, August 15
The Lively Ones (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.) Guests include Mel Tormé, Frances Faye and Eduardo Sasson. Host is Vic Damone. Color.

The World of Maurice Chevalier (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) Television portrait of the ageless entertainer.

Friday, August 16
International Beauty Spectacular (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) The 45 contestants for the title of Miss International Beauty are backed up by a corps de ballet and original music by Meredith Willson. Live from Long Beach, Calif.

Saturday, August 17
The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) Part II of the Emmy award-winning drama *Madman*.

Saturday Night of the Movies (NBC, 9-11:20 p.m.) *The Long, Hot Summer*, starring Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. Color.

Sunday, August 18
Issues on Answers (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.) Guest is Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins University and newly named head of the Republican Critical Issues Council.

The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9 p.m.) Guests: Joan Sutherland, Della Reese and Stan Kenton.

Crucial Summer: the 1963 Civil Rights Crises (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.) Second in a series of five studies of the battle for integration.

Tuesday, August 20
The Dick Powell Show (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.) Anthony Franciosa, Julie London, Jim Backus, Jules Munshin, Cesar Romero and Zsa Zsa Gabor are featured in a melodrama of staggering complexity revolving around a beleaguered nightclub owner.

THEATER

Straw Hat

For those who prefer their theater a little meatier than Broadway leftovers reheated for the summer circuit, there is always Shakespeare. Across the land, Shakespeare festivals are proliferating in colleges, in parks, in barns, in permanent installations that sometimes even look like Elizabethan theaters. A few have found it expedient to lard their offerings of the bard with other classics from Shaw to Gilbert and Sullivan. On the menu:

Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Ashland, Ore.: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry V*. Season ends Sept. 7.

National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theater, San Diego: *Antony and Cleopatra*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

© All times E.D.T.

The Winter's Tale. Also on the program: a full-scale presentation of Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas* (usually performed these days only in concert version). Through Sept. 15.

Colorado Shakespeare Festival, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.: A company of 20 students from colleges in the U.S. and England perform *Measure for Measure*, *Richard III* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. Through Aug. 17.

Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival, Lakewood, Ohio: *Measure for Measure*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Henry V*. Season ends Sept. 13.

American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn.: *The Comedy of Errors*, *Henry V*, *King Lear* and *Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra*. Through Sept. 15.

New York Shakespeare Festival, Central Park, New York City: *The last of the season's plays*. *The Winter's Tale*, will run through Aug. 31.

Stratford Festival, Stratford, Ont.: *The Comedy of Errors*, *Timon of Athens*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac* and G. & S.'s *The Mikado*. Season ends Sept. 28.

CINEMA

The Thrill of it All. The cinematic succession of unsuccessful assaults on Doris Day's virtue not only has ended with this latest film, it has gotten a few jumps ahead of the ladies in the balcony: Doris is married to Obstetrician James Garner and is the mother of two singularly objectionable children. With apple-checked efficiency, she not only finds time to sell soap on TV but assists as mobile midwife when Arlene Francis has a baby in the back seat of a Rolls-Royce.

Tears in the Attic. Lillian Hellman's story about two Southern spinsters and their younger brother is the same tangle of tormented sibling relationships it was on the stage in 1960 and just as lacking in life, though Geraldine Page, Wendy Hiller and Dean Martin try valiantly to give it spark.

My Hobo. This Japanese song of the open road involves a clever tramp, a lady tramp, and two waifs who tramp along with them on the road to Tokyo. Seemingly inspired more by Italian comedy than Nipponese realism, *Hobo* nonetheless makes some sharp comments on the present state of prosperous, overly Westernized Japan.

The Great Escape. Steve McQueen, James Garner, Donald Pleasence are among the Allied officers who stage a wholesale escape from a Nazi prison camp in one of the season's most exciting pictures.

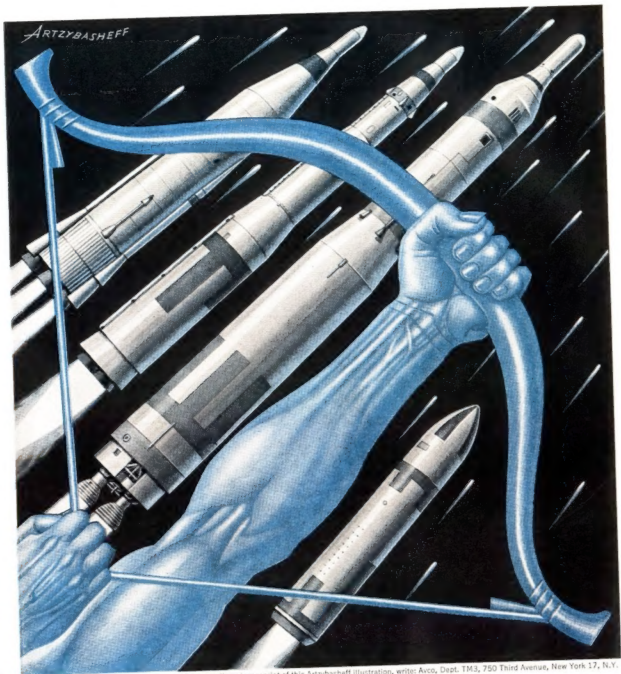
This Sporting Life. This English picture is brutally honest as long as it stays on the playing fields. But when its rugby-playing hero (Richard Harris) gets tangled in a love affair with a widow, both he and the plot become confused.

My Name Is Ivan. An extraordinary Russian film about a boy who spies behind the Nazi lines during World War II, made with sensitivity and human understanding.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Aneurin Bevan, by Michael Foot. A full, sympathetic biography of England's most militant socialist and Churchill's most



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abrasive critic, who was also a great Parliamentarian, a man of chivalrous gaiety and wit who loved charming and disarming London society.

The Collector, by John Fowles. There is not one wrong word in this story of a weird, solitary young man who branches out from butterflies to young girls for his chloroformed collection. Author Fowles impales the collector as exquisitely as any of his specimens.

Ford: Decline and Rebirth, 1933-62, by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill. Though corporate history seems an unlikely subject for drama, this book makes lively reading of the time when the Ford Motor Co. was a chaotic, money-losing corporate mess, its aging founder out of touch with his own company and his own times. The authors go on to trace the corporation's recovery, guided by Henry Ford II and his Whiz Kids, among them Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

Night and Silence Who Is Here?, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. Some highly diverting goings on among the intellectuals, spivs, careerists and crackpots putting in a well-subsidized academic year at a New England college. The fey Fellows make even more enjoyable sport when it is understood that they are really acting out parts in a prose version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in academic dress.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. For those who take their campus politics more seriously, this hefty bestseller recounts the maneuverings of a New York socialite to land her husband the president's job in a small Pennsylvania college.

Mrs. G.B.S., by Janet Dunbar. George Bernard Shaw's love life was strictly postman's knock as one torrid affair after another has been found to have been only on paper. But for 45 years he was a testy but loyal husband, she a malleable wife in a perhaps unconsummated but oddly successful marriage.

Notebooks 1935-42, by Albert Camus. Aphorisms, definitions, New Year's resolutions, quotations from Rama Krishna, and meditations on *Don Quixote*—all in these diaries of a very brilliant, very young man.

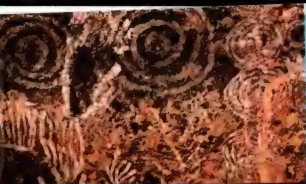
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (1, last week)
2. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (2)
3. City of Night, Rechy (4)
4. The Glass-Blowers, Du Maurier (3)
5. Grandmother and the Priests, Caldwell (6)
6. Seven Days in May, Knebel and Bailey (5)
7. The Concubine, Lofts
8. Raise High the Roof Beam, Salinger (7)
9. The Bedford Incident, Rascovich (9)
10. The Collector, Fowles

NONFICTION

1. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (1)
2. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (3)
3. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (2)
4. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (4)
5. My Darling Clementine, Jack Fishman (6)
6. Terrible Swift Sword, Catton (5)
7. Travels with Charley, Steinbeck (8)
8. Forgotten Pioneer, Golden
9. The Wine Is Bitter, Eisenhower
10. A Man Named John, Hatch



Something old, something new, something sprawling, something blue:
you'll find them all in Australia—the uncommon place.

Something old. Out of a prehistoric world just back a long
red rock, something ancient. Away back. Through the centuries
aborigines have turned the sands into art, carving. Something new.
Visitors watch a city of tomorrow rise before your eyes. Something
Australia's unique. The "bushman" has painted New Zealand
Something sprawling. An hour's flight from Sydney, Australia
the only swarming kangaroo. Just a short distance to the west
at Dubai where they grow the golden wheat. Something blue.
Along at the sandy beach watch out for the blue waves of the

Great Barrier Reef. You can buy a 5 day Age newspaper and
watch a sunset from a beach at night. The Sydney on the Pacific
coast, New Zealand—the 10 day tour. Something
at May and June. It's the summer of the Age. Something
something new. Something to get in the summer and
to know all winter long. For the Age of "Look & Learn"
and Something to know from Zealand. See your Travel
Director. Something National Travel Association, 460 Third Street,
San Francisco. Something on 400 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

NYR1



Now you know all there is to know about Scotch whisky.



WHAT ONE THING DO YOU WANT YOUR ADVERTISING TO ACCOMPLISH THIS YEAR?

Sell more products.

And if it doesn't, you're going to wonder why. The trouble is, when sales go up, you're not sure advertising did it. So you still wonder.

That's why many companies set a special task for advertising. They'll take a part of their budget and give it a specific assignment. Introduce a new product. Establish a new use. Explore a new market. Then, when it works, they know advertising did it. And they can relate the new profits directly to the advertising investment.

So they're sold on advertising. They believe in the part they can't measure, because of the part they can. They know it's not a cost, it's a money-maker. They depend on advertising. And as a result, their advertising manager stands high with management.

That's how it is with the plant engineer, too. He's right up there, because he's a money-maker. Everything he does has a bearing on profits. His company depends on him to run the plant. It's his job to keep up on what's new, what's better, what's faster. So, that's what we write about each month in his magazine . . .



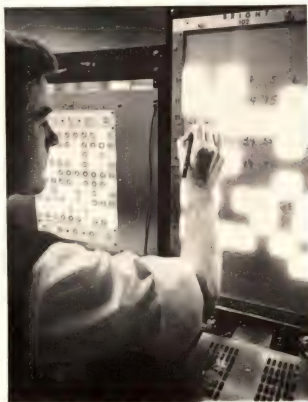
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Prototype of "learning machine" developed by SRI scientists recognizes symbols after repeated exposure. One practical application of such a device could be high-speed recognition of complex visual patterns, such as handwritten signatures.

Wausau Story



by EARL F. ARMSTRONG
Director of
Business Operations,

Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park, California

"The problems we get from industry and government may involve anything from the earth's core to the edge of space. Every day we accept an average of two new projects, and have some 400 in work at a time. This keeps our staff of more than 2,000 people busy here and around the world—in laboratories, aboard ship, in the air, even below ground and under the sea—searching for answers that can't be found in books.

"Ironically, such wide-spread and diversified operations, plus the fact that we deal with the unknown, brought us still another problem. One we couldn't solve alone—the important matter of an effective safety and insurance program.

"This time it was Employers Mutuals of Wausau who came up with the answers. And because of our unusual requirements, these too are answers that aren't in any books. Each new project is a new adventure—for us and for Employers Mutuals underwriters and safety engineers. I can tell you from our experience that Employers Mutuals are imaginative and thorough, and definitely 'good people to do business with'."

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LETTERS

The Queen Bee

Sir: Our policy in Asia for years has been to lose the country but keep its leader. Your [Aug. 9] cover story may convince the foggy minds in Foggy Bottom that the only sensible course is to lose Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu and try to keep South Viet Nam.

JACK WANSLEY

Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.
Brooklyn

Sir: That was a very objective and perceptive report on the Nhu-est proof that we are living in a woman's world. Realizing that we must fully understand our hostile friends in order to survive, TIMI has once again distinguished itself through its expert delving into the character and motivations of this Viet-eran intriguer and power behind the power.

ROBERT MONIZ

Fall River, Mass.

Sir: After reading your article on Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, I find it hard to believe her statement that the sacraments are her "moral vitamins." Perhaps, I am misjudging the lady, but anyone who has the apparent lack of respect for another person's religious convictions that she has, could use a bit of spiritual doctoring.

As a Catholic, I find her disregard for the sincerity of another's actions (the self-immolation of Quang Duc) and her patronization of the late Holy Father John XXIII very hard to take.

It seems to me that a little Christian charity is in order here, war or no war.

S. P. MANNING

Oceanside, N.Y.

Sir: It is true that Buddhism knows no sense of guilt [July 26] as in the Christian doctrine of original sin, but the doctrine of karma, with its stress on individual responsibility not only for deeds but also for thoughts, in a word, for attitudes and their results, whether for good or evil, would hardly allow one to make such a statement as the above. In short, Buddhism would have us transform the world by first transforming ourselves. This is accomplished, according to Buddhist dogmatics by practicing six perfections: charity, morality, zeal in spiritual progress, patience, concentration leading to control of mind, and insight.

ARTHUR E. LINK

New York City

The Treaty Debate

Sir: The signing of this "nonaggression" pact with the U.S.S.R. reminds me of one signed in the '20s—the Kellogg-Briand Pact. It did not deter the Japanese from building a fleet—and we sold them the scrap iron for it!

ENTER CARLSTROM

Mankato, Minn.

Sir: The only reason Khrushchev is agreeable is that he finds himself in an untenable position regarding Red China. There he is, with a big, ugly neighbor on one side and a flock of satellite countries he can never be quite sure of on the other. So everybody's thinking what a humanitarian he is, when all the while he's only feathering his own nest.

NORMAN L. MILLER

Ojus, Fla.

Sir: And now to ensure against a surprise attack, let us consider an exchange of important hostages.

Let us send Russia the Kennedy clan and have Russia send us the Khrushchevs.

SAMUEL S. SHERWIN

Los Angeles

Sir: In 1556, Ivan IV (the Terrible) sent a certain Ambassador Ossip Nepea to the court of Elizabeth I for trade and diplomatic negotiations.

This first-known Russian mission to English-speaking people was in its first year when Elizabeth's chief negotiator issued the following directive to all officials dealing with the "Rus":

"We do not find the Ambassador now at last so conformable to reason as we had thought. He is very mistrustful and thinks every man will beguile him. Therefore, you have need to take heed how you have to do with him, or with any such, and to make your bargains plain, and to set them down in writing. For they be subtle people, and do not always speak the truth, and think other men to be like themselves."

I rejoice in this first step out of the nuclear lunacy, but I also hope my fellow Boston Irish history buff is familiar with this 16th century directive.

JAMES F. BRAY

Inglewood, Calif.

Sir: It is hard to believe that in a country that is such a fervent salesman of world peace, the value of a test ban treaty should suddenly be questioned. Is it possible that anyone with the sincere hope that a nuclear war will never come can believe that we can deter the Russians from further nuclear experimentation by not signing the treaty?

MARY D. JUNE

Detroit

Sir: I do subscribe to the quoted opinion [Aug. 2] that "the big hurdle [toward achieving a workable anti-missile system] is not nuclear testing but highly intricate radar problems," but I am not "now at work on an anti-missile missile" as stated. I am responsible for the two-mile linear accelerator at Stanford University, which is devoted to pure research in high-energy physics.

W. K. H. PANOFKY

Director

Stanford Linear Accelerator Center
Stanford, Calif.

Sir: You state that Semyon Tsarapkin, one of the Soviet delegates, is called

"Scratchy" because of his harangues at Geneva. The original reason for his nickname is, of course, that the Russian word for "to scratch" is *tsarapkin*. His speaking manner no doubt made the nickname seem appropriate.

LOREN GRAHAM

Bloomington, Ind.



The Goodspeed

Sir: I wonder if many of your readers are aware of the long genealogy lying in back of the Checker [Aug. 2]. This all began when one R. A. Palmer, connected with the old Cartier automobile, left that concern in 1914 to build his own automobile, known as the Parlin-Palmer. This car survived under that name until 1917, when it became the Commonwealth. The first Checker Cabs came out in 1922 along with other Commonwealth passenger models, and although the Checker survived, the Commonwealth went under despite an abortive attempt to go into the luxury line. So far as I know, only a single prototype of the \$5,000 phaeton, named the Goodspeed, was built, and from 1922 until a few years ago, when Checker began its passenger-car production, the name existed as a taxicab only.

KEITH MARVIN

The Record Newspapers
Troy, N.Y.

Of Ducks & Men

Sir: I was greatly moved by your Aug. 2 article concerning Lopez, Hanush, and MacArthur Park. You summed it up beautifully when you stated "... what was called for was not mechanical law enforcement but compassion and common sense." I have a peculiar feeling we're dangerously losing sight of this from what I can gather in current events.

(MRS.) RITA A. FILIAGGI

Folsom, Pa.

Sir: I am not a fan of TIMI's, but, by some fluke, you rose above yourself and for a moment dwell in the loftiest reaches of literature. This touching, stirring report of obscure people suddenly and bewilderingly caught up in a mechanized system of law, no more fit to judge their

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No Such Thing as a "Mere Woman!"

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Lo and behold, Johnny's report card listed him as the Number 2 student in his High School class.

"Congratulations, Son!" said his father. "But why not Number 1?"

"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was this girl..."

"You mean you let a mere girl get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as mere as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

And across the land the cocktail hour is happily shared, as a pleasant respite from the cares of the day, by both man and wife.

At such times of wholesome renewal, our OLD FITZGERALD has special appeal.

For ours is a bourbon with a pleasing richness of flavor best appreciated in leisurely sips. Whiskey so carefully nurtured is no more to be gulped than the expertly prepared dinner soon to be served.

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motives or inclinations than can an adding machine turn out poetry, pierced the heart of an irrational scientist and showed it unfit to even bleed.

MARTIN HOLMES

San Diego

Sir: If your writer had attended the trial, he would have seen the name plate on the bench reading: "Howard H. Schmidt, Judge," not "Bernard Schmidt." The clerk in His Honor's court uses a rubber stamp which reads "Howard H. Schmidt," obviating TIME's type of error. But your account was otherwise well done—indicating that you have no use for a rubber stamp in editing the news.

GEORGE M. KRAFT
Official Reporter

Los Angeles

What the Bishop Said

Sir: The quotation with which you end the July 26 article on "South Bank Religion" is inaccurate, and Bishop Stockwood is receiving protests.

What he actually said was this: "I have not the slightest use for a church that sets out to be eclectic, that just wants to draw to itself the wholly Anglo-Catholic or the wholly Evangelical. I have every use for the church that sets out to draw within its fellowship all those who live within its boundaries. And thank God the great majority are like that."

THE REV. M.C.O. MAYNE
Southwark, England Bishop's Chaplain

Rocky & Barry

Sir: I cannot understand why Governor Rockefeller has to be so criticized for having bettered his personal life. Why, above all things, should this change his political status? If he was a good man before his marriage, he should be a better one now, for having the courage of his convictions—in spite of the coming elections. This can only prove strength of character. I know a lot more people who wish that they had the courage to do exactly as he did in a like situation.

(MRS.) HARRIET M. DORRANCE
Tripoli, Libya

Sir: When we meet Americans here in Europe and say that we are from Phoenix, Ariz., they all (young and old) ask about Barry Goldwater. We tell them he is fine, honest, honorable and trustworthy as he appears to be and as he speaks.

CLARA T. HABERL

Vienna

The Aaron Farbman Maneuver

Sir: I read of the Otto Gerlach maneuver [Aug. 9] with great interest because I described this maneuver 19 years ago in the *Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society*, February 1944.

I discovered this maneuver in medical school (1924-28) since I myself had an extremely ticklish abdomen. I used the maneuver with considerable success after entering practice in 1930. Actually, the principle involved is that an individual cannot tickle himself.

AARON A. FARBMAN, M.D.

Detroit

► The maneuver had indeed been known for many years before Dr. Gerlach named it.—Ed.

Elephants Are Very Big

Sir: Why do elephants have trunks? Because they don't have any pockets.

COLIN CAHILL

Sydney, Australia

Sir: How can you tell if there's an elephant in the bathtub with you?

You can't get the shower curtain closed.

DENNIS DUDLEY

Cincinnati

Sir: Why do elephants have short tails? So they don't trip themselves when they pole-vault.

JOHN S. SORENSON FTG3
U.S.S. Boxer LP14

c/o Fleet Post Office
New York City

Sir: How can you tell if an elephant is standing on your back in a hurricane? You can hear his ears flapping in the high wind.

DAN IHDE

Portales, N. Mex.

Sir: Why did the elephant lie across the middle of the road? To trip the ants.

JUDY SCHWARTZSTEIN

New York City

Sir: Why do elephants clip their tiny toenails?

So that their ballet slippers will fit.

RON HAMILTON

Jasper National Park, Alberta

Sir: Why do elephants wear sunglasses? Because with all this publicity they don't want to be recognized.

PATTY ROTH

West Hartford, Conn.

Two a Day

Sir: Some time ago, there was an item in your Medicine section entitled "Two Apples a Day."

The gist of the story was that someone somewhere had found reason to believe that a substance in apples and in the quantity contained in two apples, would either help cure or prevent some physical condition (evidently some condition that I either have or wish to prevent) if taken in that quantity daily.

So, for over a year now, I've religiously eaten at least two apples a day, at least when I can get them, which is usually but not always.

This is my problem: I'm getting sort of tired of apples, and I don't like worrying when I can't get them. Please tell me why I've been eating all those apples.

G. F. CASWELL

St. Petersburg, Fla.

► Because that Medicine story (Nov. 7, 1960) reported that two apples contain about the right daily dose of pectin to lower blood cholesterol, according to the findings of Minneapolis Physiologist Ancel Keys.—Ed.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Circulation Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

It was bound to happen sooner or later. Though Robert Elson is TIME's bureau chief in London, and his son John is TIME's religion editor, they have had little chance to work together professionally—except as competitors. Last year, when Robert Elson was detached to write an article about Pope John for LIFE, Son John was writing a TIME cover story on the Pope, and, sighs the father, “his story beat me by two weeks.”

They were competitors again more recently on stories about the new Pope. But usually father concerns himself more, in his London Times job, with Harold Macmillan, Geneva conferences, Tory and Labor politics, and the higher significance of Christine Keeler.

In London, partly because of the father-son relationship, Bureau Chief Elson generally stays away from religion stories. Father believes that he himself, after 39 years of journalism, may have the edge in news experience and judgment, but thinks his son "much better informed" in religion and better educated in philosophy (at Notre Dame). Son John similarly hesitated to work from his father's files: "We are both a little edgy about it." But there comes a time.

For this week's cover story on the Archbishop of Canterbury, the bureau of the London reporting came from Charles Champlin. But it was natural for the London bureau chief to add a few words about the church's role in today's morally troubled Britain. The archbishop also traveled down to a little village in Dorset, where in a book-length study that looked like a stage setting for Trollope, he had an engaging interview with the previous Archbishop of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher. "John read his father's file, then relaxed: 'He's a good reporter—"



ROBERT



JOHN

matter of fact, it is always a small shock of surprise to see again just how good he is."

WE have always operated on the journalistic principle that we should "people" a foreign country with others besides its leaders, and we believe that to report the gross national product is only the beginning of describing a nation. From Germany in recent months we have had a number of stories describing changes in that country's way of life—the breaking-up of the upper class ("an eclipse of princes"), the role of marriage brokers, the practice of nudism, the absorption of Germans expelled from Communist territory, the way Germans are buying up foreign real estate ("Lebensraum with a View"). But few of them have stirred up more reaction or been more widely reprinted than our recent story about fat Germans.

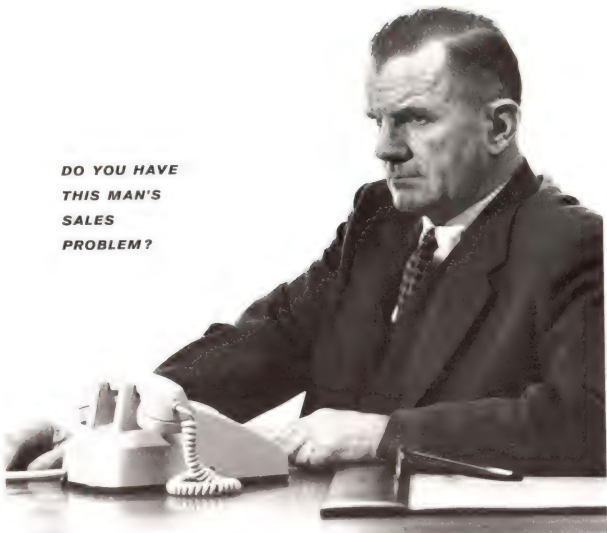
Bavarians took it jollily. Berliners winced but was not upset, image-conscious Bonn worried about whether its image was too big, and Ludwig Erhard's aides protested that his title for him now is only 198 lbs.

This week in THE WORLD comes natural sequel, a report on how record 3,500,000 Germans are trueing off to spas to take the *Kur*. The story is called, forgiveably enough, This Year in Marienbad.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 16, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 7

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Mellowing Mood

A few hours before last week's signing of the limited nuclear test ban agreement in Moscow, a jovial Nikita Khrushchev met in his Kremlin office with U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Beamed the Soviet Premier: "This treaty we are going to sign this afternoon is, as they say, just what the doctor ordered."

Amid all the clinking of champagne glasses and the hubbles of cold war good fellowship, there were many who could agree with Khrush. Already the big question seemed to revolve less around the possible effects (and risks) of the test ban treaty than around the nature of the next steps to be taken in relaxing East-West tensions. And by week's end it seemed increasingly evident that a likely next step would be a mellowing of U.S. attitudes toward the satellite Communist nations of Eastern Europe.

"We Are Ready." On the same day that the test ban agreement was signed, Hungary's Premier Janos Kadar made a little-noticed speech over Radio Budapest. Said he: "I met the American delegation, which was just negotiating the nuclear test ban treaty, several times. In the course of these meetings, the members of the American delegation declared that they want to normalize their relations with the Hungarian People's Republic. We are ready to normalize relations."

Not since Soviet tanks crushed the Hungarian Freedom Fighters' revolt in 1956 has the U.S. had an ambassador in Budapest. But for several months the U.S. has been negotiating toward more extensive diplomatic relations with Hungary. Similar conferences for friendlier relations—both political and economic—with Rumania, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia are being considered too. The U.S. State Department notes that much of the incentive has come from the satellites themselves; they have displayed an increasing interest in trading with the U.S., and even now 40% of all satellite trade is with countries in the West.

No one really believes that Communism in Eastern Europe is about to wither and die, but there are striking signs that there is less of the Stalinist sort of repression and a chance for a freer life (see *THE WORLD*). "There



HUNGARY'S KADAR

He says he is ready to normalize.

is a long-term trend working here," says a State Department official, "one of loosening relations between the East European countries and the Soviet Union. They are growing less dependent on Moscow, more assertive. And if relations between the West and the Soviets improve, the satellite countries are going to be able to broaden their contacts with the West and the U.S. These contacts will open them up to new impressions that weaken their blind faith in their system. Then we have the possibility of ever more effective relations. After all, our influence must operate through some kind of interchange."

Give & Take. Along with the chance for new U.S. influence on the satellites through economic and diplomatic channels will come another important change. By dealing openly and often with some Iron Curtain countries, the U.S. may be able to wean the satellites away from their complete dependence on Russia. Said a State Department man: "To legitimize these regimes con-

tributes to the relaxation internationally and the emergence of national identities in the bloc. That we want to see. It's in our interest to help build up their prestige."

Will Nikita Khrushchev perhaps also want to be a little more reasonable with regard to the issues of West Berlin and Germany? Any negotiations leading to a relaxation of East-West tensions must naturally include give and take on both sides.

For the West there can be no diminution of basic principles. U.S. policy toward Germany must remain aimed at seeking the eventual reunification of that country—no matter how remote the possibility may seem. To "normalize" Berlin by recognizing, in no matter what degree, that that geopolitical abortion is a permanent fact of life, would be to sentence West Berlin, for so long an inspirational outpost of freedom, to a lingering but inevitable death.

Beneath the Bubbles

The waiter bearing the tray loaded with champagne-filled glasses hustled through the crowd of dignitaries in the reception room of the Kremlin's richly decorated Catherine Hall. He zipped by Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev—but he didn't get far. Khrushchev spotted him, shouted, beckoned him back and told him to pass the wine around. Then, as Khrushchev, U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and British Foreign Secretary Lord Home smilingly raised their glasses, a Soviet hand struck up George Gershwin's 1938 hit, *Love Walked In*.

Probably very few there knew the lyrics, but they expressed the official Moscow view:

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away.

Love walked right in and brought my sunniest day.

One look and I had found a world completely new.

When love walked in with you.

Only a few minutes before, Rusk, Lord Home and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had signed the 800-word treaty that banned nuclear tests in space, in the atmosphere and under water. When it came time for speeches, Gromyko called it "a success of the peaceful policy of the Soviet Union, a success of all the states advocating the aversion of the danger of a new



DEAN RUSK SPEAKS TO DIGNITARIES* AFTER TEST BAN TREATY SIGNING IN MOSCOW
And now is it time for a NAP?

war." Lord Home orated emotionally, saying the treaty meant that "every human family can live, from now on, free from fear that their unborn children will be affected by man-made poison in the air."

Dean Rusk was not so carried away. The treaty was, in his opinion, "a good first step, but only a first step." It was, he said, impossible "to guarantee now what the significance of this act will be. History will eventually record how we deal with the unfinished business of peace."

Sprouts. Khrushchev had set down his champagne glass, and he scowled as Rusk spoke, but later he said at a reception that the treaty only represented "the first sprouts of international confidence that have appeared."

No matter what the pact failed to solve, it received an almost universally enthusiastic reception for what it did do. By week's end, ambassadors of about 40 nations had rushed to scrawl their names on copies of the treaty in Moscow, London and Washington. Some governments were so inspired that they had their representatives sign in all three capitals. More than 100 of the world's 117 sovereign nations are expected to sign eventually—even though most of them know perfectly well they may never have a nuclear device to test or call their own. Most notable holdouts from signing are France and Red China. West Germany, which had feared that the treaty might somehow signify official recognition of East Germany, at week's end tentatively agreed to join in.

President Kennedy sent a ringing message to the Senate, urging ratification (see box opposite). And the Senate, which must approve the pact by a two-thirds vote, seemed certain to say yes, sometime next month—after hearings and floor debate. Said Kentucky

Republican Thruston Morton in a curious choice of words: "I think we have no choice but to vote for it. Either from a national or a worldwide standpoint, we are on a tough petard."

Promising as the pact was, there were questions about what other "sprouts" the nuclear test thaw might produce. To get an idea of what the Soviets had in mind, Dean Rusk stayed in Russia for four days after the treaty was signed, met several times with Gromyko. The Secretary of State wound up the week with a shirt-sleeve conference and a badminton game with Khrushchev (in which the roly-poly Russian easily bested the man from the New Frontier) at the Premier's vacation villa on the Black Sea. There appeared to be two areas in which Russia and the U.S. might build some kind of an agreement in the near future: 1) putting international inspectors into territories of both East and West to watch and warn about preparations for a surprise attack, and 2) setting up "atom-free zones"—such as Africa, and possibly even the Balkans.

Step or Misstep? But one of Khrushchev's most persistent demands is for the creation of an East-West nonaggression pact. The term has been bandied about so much by the U.S. State Department that cables arriving from overseas refer to it simply as "NAP." Publicly, the U.S. has demurred, saying it can do nothing until the subject has been thoroughly discussed with all members of the Western Alliance.

—From left in front row: Rusk, Britain's Lord Home, Russia's Gromyko, U.S. Senators John Pastore, J. W. Fulbright, George Aiken, Hubert Humphrey, U.N. Secretary General U Thant and Nikita Khrushchev.

*A metal or wood case containing an explosive for use in blasting. The word's root is a French word meaning "to break wind."

Some allies, notably West Germany, fear that NAP could lead to recognizing and "normalizing" a permanently divided Germany. If that were to happen, the test ban treaty, designed as a first step toward lasting peace, might turn out to be the first step in quite another direction.

The Ties That Bind

As far as armaments are concerned, the protests from West Germans that they were about to be left in the lurch by the U.S. hardly came with good grace. Only a few days earlier, U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, during a whirlwind tour of West German military installations, had signed agreements that bind the U.S. militarily to West Germany more closely than to almost any other nation. Items:

- A joint project to develop a new battle tank for the 1970s. Estimated development costs of \$100 million a year would be shared equally.
- Creation of a permanent combined staff to work out a system for the use of common military equipment and supply channels.
- The first steps toward a continuing program of joint military research and development projects.
- A U.S. commitment to help West Germany build nuclear-missile cruisers and jet helicopters.

In other words, a top Defense Department official explained, the U.S. is becoming impatient with the rest of NATO and finds its most effective partner for European defense in West Germany. "Under no circumstances," he said, "must we back away from our buildup in Europe. The Russians are only taking the road they have on the test ban because the pressure has been kept on them. We must keep up that pressure. Any reduction or slowdown would be disastrous."

THE CONGRESS

Off Its Haunches

At long, long last, the 88th Congress seemed to be getting off its haunches. The House Ways and Means Committee was ready to present its anxiously awaited version of a tax revision bill that could certainly help shape the course of the U.S. economy for quite a while to come. The bill, barring some last-minute hitch, will offer a cut in two steps over a two-year period beginning next Jan. 1 of about \$10 billion a year in personal and corporate taxes. It would lower the rate range for individuals from the present 20%-91% to 15%-70% and cut corporate taxes from 52% to 48%.

Last week the Congress also:

► Approved, by an 84-0 vote in the Senate, a \$1.2 billion annual pay raise for members of the U.S. armed services. A key feature of the bill is that the highest increases—of up to 25.7%—

go to younger officers. Army majors, captains and first lieutenants, and their naval equivalents. These men are reaching the decision point of their careers—to stay or not to stay in the service. Thus, while a service chief of staff would get a \$95-per-month raise (to a total of \$26,628 a year), an Army major would be boosted by \$120-per-month to an annual salary of \$10,596. As for the poor benighted private, he will keep right on getting something less than \$90 per month.

► Passed, by a 377-21 vote in the House, an expanded vocational education bill aimed at giving job training to some 21 million youths who will flood the labor market without college degrees during the rest of the 1960s. The measure, which next goes to the Senate, would increase the Federal Government's contributions to states from \$57 million a year now to \$237 million by 1967. The lopsided House vote came only after a party-line battle over Re-

publican efforts to attach an amendment barring grants to segregated vocational training schools or programs. Democrats insisted that this was just a ruse, and two Democratic Negroes voted against the amendment. This led California's Republican Representative Charles Guber to taunt, after the amendment was defeated, "My count shows that 142 Republicans voted against discrimination and 185 Democrats voted for discrimination."

► Received, from a House committee studying U.S. foreign aid, a report which, while approving a \$4 billion authorization bill, sharply questioned the wisdom of continuing economic and military aid to such politically dubious nations as Indonesia. Said the report: "The committee does not wish to write off Indonesia as hopeless, but there is little to indicate that its government is less receptive to the blandishments of the Communist bloc or more ready to cooperate with the U.S."

"TO GOVERN IS TO CHOOSE"

In a direct and forceful message to the Senate, President Kennedy last week urged ratification of the newly signed test ban agreement. Excerpts:

THIS treaty is the first concrete result of 18 years of effort by the United States to impose limits on the nuclear arms race. There is hope that it may lead to further measures to arrest and control the dangerous competition for increasingly destructive weapons.

This treaty is the whole agreement. United States negotiators in Moscow were instructed not to make this agreement conditioned upon any other understanding; and they made none. The treaty speaks for itself.

What It Does & Doesn't. This treaty advances, though it does not assure world peace; and it will inhibit, though it does not prohibit, the nuclear arms race. While it does not prohibit the United States and the Soviet Union from engaging in all nuclear tests, it will radically limit the testing in which both nations would otherwise engage. While it will not end the threat of nuclear war or outlaw the use of nuclear weapons, it can reduce world tensions, open a way to further agreements and thereby help to ease the threat of war. While it cannot wholly prevent the spread of nuclear arms to nations not now possessing them, it prohibits assistance to testing in these environments by others; it will be signed by many other potential testers; and it is thus an important opening wedge in our effort to "get the genie back in the bottle."

This treaty protects our rights in the future. It cannot be amended without the consent of the United States, and any party to the treaty has the right to withdraw upon three months' notice.

This treaty does not alter the status of unrecognized regimes. Our adherence to this treaty can in no way accord or even imply recognition by the United States or any other nation of any regime which is not now accorded such recognition.

This treaty does not halt American nuclear progress. Our atomic laboratories will maintain an active development program, including underground testing, and we will be ready to resume testing in the atmosphere if necessary.

This treaty is not a substitute for, and does not diminish

the need for continued Western and American military strength to meet all contingencies. It will not prevent us from building all the strength that we need.

Gains Offset the Risks. This treaty will assure the security of the United States better than continued unlimited testing on both sides. According to a comprehensive report prepared by responsible agencies of government for the National Security Council, the tests conducted by both the Soviet Union and the U.S. since President Eisenhower first proposed this kind of treaty in 1959 have not resulted in any substantial alteration in the strategic balance. Under this treaty, any gains in nuclear strength and knowledge which could be made by the tests of any other power—including not only underground tests, but even any illegal tests which might escape detection—could not be sufficient to offset the ability of our strategic forces to deter or survive a nuclear attack and to penetrate and destroy the aggressor's homeland. On the other hand, unrestricted testing—by which other powers could develop all kinds of weapons through atmospheric tests more cheaply and quickly than they could underground—might well lead to a weakening of our security.

The risks in clandestine violations under this treaty are far smaller than the risks in unlimited testing. No nation tempted to violate the treaty can be certain that an attempted violation will go undetected. The risks of detection outweigh the potential gains from violation, and the risk to the United States from such violation is outweighed by the risk of a continued unlimited nuclear arms race.

This treaty is the product of the steady effort of the United States Government in two administrations, and its principles have had the explicit support of both great political parties.

This treaty is in our national interest. While experience teaches us to be cautious in our expectations and ever vigilant in our preparations, there is no reason to oppose this hopeful step. It is rarely possible to recapture missed opportunities to achieve a more peaceful world. To govern is to choose; and it is my judgment that the United States should move swiftly to make the most of the present opportunity and approve the pending treaty.

THE PRESIDENCY

"The Struggle of the Baby Boy"

With a Secret Service man at the wheel, the car carrying Jacqueline Kennedy and her two children turned into the driveway of a Cape Cod farm where the Kennedys keep their horses. Caroline, 5, and her brother, John Jr., 2, scrambled out of the car and raced toward the stables. It was just after 11 a.m.—time for the kids to go riding. They were raring to go, but Jackie did not leave the car to join them. She had just had the first twinge of labor pains, more than five weeks prematurely.

So, last week, for the President and his wife began an agonizing period that ended with the death of an infant son.

When Jackie told the Secret Service man of her pains, he sprinted for the

section. If the baby had not been premature, it would have been born at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. But, just in case, the Air Force had long since readied a ten-room suite (nursery, kitchen, two lounges and six bedrooms) at Otis. By the time Jackie arrived, 200 special guards had been posted around the 22,000-acre base. Three airmen with Jackie's blood type (A-1 Rh positive) had been picked several weeks ago, and now stood by to give blood transfusions. At noon one gave two pints for Jackie. She had gone into surgery as soon as she arrived.

Not Even a Toothbrush. Meanwhile, Dr. Janet Travell, the White House physician, who was also on a Cape Cod vacation, phoned the President in Washington to tell him the news. Within 19 minutes of her call, John Kennedy, half a dozen hastily gathered newsmen and several White House staffers were aboard Air Force helicopters, bound from the White House lawn to Andrews Air Force Base. No one in the party, including the President, had so much as a toothbrush along.

Since neither of the two presidential Boeing 707 jets was available for the rush trip to Cape Cod, Kennedy took a twin-jet, eight-passenger Lockheed Jetstar—an airplane never before used by a President because it lacks the intricate communications facilities that go with the Chief Executive whenever he is in the air. While President Kennedy was still on the way, a ten-member military medical team assisted Dr. Walsh with the caesarean delivery. And at 12:52 p.m., a baby boy (4 lbs. 10 oz., and 17 in. long) was born to Jackie Kennedy.

The first word to reporters was that mother and child were doing nicely. But in the operating room, doctors knew differently. The President's son was suffering from hyaline membrane disease, a lung ailment common, and often fatal, to premature babies. Within minutes after the birth, the doctors called for Father John Cahill, an Air Force chaplain, who baptized the baby Patrick Bouvier Kennedy. Then began a desperate fight to save the infant's life.

Just One Look. The President had been informed of the birth while still airborne. But he, along with his sister, Jean Smith, who heard of the birth over her car radio, were waiting in Jackie's room when she came back from surgery. Peering into an incubator (an ultramodern type known as an Isolette) in the private nursery, the President saw his tiny, brown-haired son for the first time at 2:30 p.m. Three hours later, he wheeled the incubator up to Jackie's bed, and she saw little Pat for the first—and only—time.

The baby obviously needed—and at once—specialists and special equipment beyond the resources of the Air Force base. Bundled in a blue blanket inside his incubator, the infant was slipped out a back door and into an ambulance for a

dash to Children's Medical Center in Boston, more than an hour away. The President flew to Boston, walked grimly past a crowd of well-wishers outside the hospital, donned a white gown and mask to see Patrick. He conferred anxiously with doctors, then left for the Kennedy family suite at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Later that evening, upon word that his son was holding his own, the President flew back to Squaw Island. There, at noon the next day as he lunched with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hugh P. Auchincloss, he got an urgent call from the hospital. His son was sinking rapidly. The President tried to call Jackie, but she was asleep. He left word that he had gone back to Boston—but told doctors not to tell her why.

At Children's Medical Center, doctors suggested a radical move: put Patrick in a huge hyperbaric pressure chamber that would force oxygen into his lungs (see MEDICINE). This hyperbaric chamber had been used in 28 open-heart surgery cases during the past 17 months—but never for a lung ailment. The President agreed.

Toward Despair. Late that afternoon, Kennedy wearily returned to the Ritz, called Jackie and told her for the first time how serious the situation was. Then he made another visit to the hospital, returned to dine alone at the hotel, called before he headed for the hospital again. His brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, and Kennedy Confidant Dave Powers joined the President there.

As the hours passed, faint hope faded to despair. Patrick was not responding to treatment, and the President decided that he must spend the night near his son. He stretched out on a hospital bed set up in a doctors' lounge on the fourth floor. Shortly after 2 o'clock Friday morning, the phone next to his bed rang, and the President was told that there was no longer any hope. The President hurried downstairs, for the next two hours waited restlessly on a straight-backed wooden chair, occasionally rising to peer through a tiny porthole, where he could see five doctors, a nurse and a technician working desperately inside the floodlit chamber. Ineluctably, the infant's life ebbed away. At 4:30 a.m., Press Secretary Pierre Salinger announced: "Patrick Kennedy died at 4:04 a.m. The struggle of the baby boy to keep breathing was too much for his heart."

On Saturday, the President sat alone in the first pew in a tiny chapel inside the residence of Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston. The baby lay in a tiny white casket, and the Cardinal read a Mass of the Holy Angels.

Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who lived 39 hours and twelve minutes, was the first to be buried in a new family plot at Holyhood cemetery in Brookline, Mass., marked by a single tombstone simply engraved "Kennedy."



KENNEDY STONE IN HOLYHOOD
When a father is just a father.

farmhouse, phoned the Kennedy summer home on Squaw Island and asked that someone summon Dr. John Walsh, Jackie's obstetrician, who was "vacationing" on the Cape, while actually on stand-by in the event that Jackie's time might come ahead of schedule. Then the Secret Service man rounded up Caroline and John, took them to the car and sped off for Squaw Island, eight miles away.

Into Surgery. Dr. Walsh was waiting at the summer home. "I think I'm going to have the baby," said Jackie. Gently, she told Caroline and John that she had to leave, suggested they might have their lunch at "Grampy Joe" Kennedy's place down the beach. Then she packed a bag. By 11:20 a.m., Jackie, Dr. Walsh and a Secret Service man were in a helicopter bound for Otis Air Force Base hospital, 20 miles away.

The base was well prepared for the crisis. Mrs. Kennedy has a medical record of premature births, and both her children were delivered by caesarean

DEMOCRATS

No One's Pet Coon

Tennessee's Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver was a glad-hander who never managed to look really glad. He was a campaigner who achieved a kind of glum sincerity even when his head was smothered under an outlandish coonskin cap. He was given to platitudes that put him foursquare in favor of "the best interests of the plain people of this nation" and "an even break for the average man." Some of his Senate colleagues insisted that there was a vacuum in the space between his ears. And he was a loner who became anathema to the national Democratic hierarchy.

Yet for all his critics, and for all the sophisticated sorts who jeered at "The Keef," he was a great vote-getter with a vast store of plodding energy and a vaulting ambition. He wanted to become President of the U.S. He never made it—but even in his failure Estes Kefauver, by the time of his death last week at 60, left his mark on U.S. politics.

The Oak. Born to a prosperous Tennessee family, he grew up to be an oak of a man (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.), played tackle at the University of Tennessee, got a law degree from Yale in 1927 and came home to be a successful corporation lawyer in Chattanooga. In 1939 he won a special House election and went to Washington, where he was a fervent liberal Democrat and a devoted internationalist who attracted some small notice by his support of the dreamy Atlantic Union plan that proposed a constitutional federation of free nations. But mostly, he was distinguished by his silence.

He ran for the Senate in 1948, tangled with Memphis Boss Edward H. Crump, who labeled Kefauver a "pet coon." Kefauver laboriously replied, "I may be a pet coon, but I'll never be Mr. Crump's pet coon." At his next campaign appearance he clapped a coonskin cap on his head, pointed to the tail and said, "A coon may have rings around his tail, but this coon will never have a ring through his nose." He beat the Crump machine, and more important than the ridiculous cap was Kefauver's decision to shake at least 500 hands a day during that campaign. It became the Keef's patented technique, worked so well that such less folksy types as Adlai Stevenson and John F. Kennedy later found themselves forced to clutch hundreds of sweaty hands in their efforts to outdo him.

Crime & the Keef. Once in the Senate, Kefauver voted the party line, authored no major bills. But in 1951 he catapulted to fame and, thanks to national television, built himself a real political image. As chairman of a special Senate crime investigating committee, he dragged such diverse and unsavory characters as Greasy Thumb Guzik, Virginia Hill and Frank Costello into the bright lights for a classic lesson in morality. Gentle but relentless, Kefauver questioned them

with painful sincerity, became to millions a pillar of log-cabin courage and small-town mores because of the contrast between his stolid ruggedness and the squirming, shifty-eyed hoodlums he confronted. From those hearings came no important legislation, few arrests, nothing very concrete. But his investigation did center national attention on big-time crime—and on Estes Kefauver.

In the course of his investigation, Kefauver also made some important Democratic enemies. His probe into corruption in Illinois cost Majority Leader Scott Lucas his Senate seat.

Yet despite his enemies, Kefauver was riding high—and he knew it. Late in 1951 he told a friend, "Right today, I have a better chance of becoming President than I had of becoming Sen-



ESTES KEFAUVER (1950)
He left his handprint on politics.

ator when I decided to run." Shaking hands and pleading for help ("I am Estes Kefauver; I'm running for President of the United States and I hope you'll help me"), he plodded tirelessly through the New Hampshire primary campaign in March 1952, astonished everyone by getting more votes than President Harry Truman. The Keef kept on, sewed up 14 of 17 primaries, went into the Democratic Convention in Chicago with 275 delegates—well ahead of Adlai Stevenson who said he didn't want the nomination anyway.

Sundry Other Evils. On the first two convention ballots, Kefauver held solid leads, sat drinking beer in a hotel room and said, "I've never been more delighted in my life." But that was the crest of his career. On the third roll-call ballot, the big-city Democratic leaders ganged up on him. Kefauver was whipped. He trudged into the convention hall, tried wearily to get to the platform to pull out of the fight. He was ruled out of order, sat down sheepishly

to watch as the convention rolled on to nominate Stevenson.

Kefauver tried to rev up a campaign again for 1956—largely through a spate of investigations into Dixon-Yates, pornography, black market babies, juvenile delinquency, and sundry other sins. He lost again to Stevenson. But in a dramatic tussle for the vice-presidential nomination, the gawky Tennessee lawyer managed to produce a razor-thin victory over Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy after a thrilling roll-call fight. But when the Democratic ticket went down to crashing defeat that November, Estes Kefauver's great days were over.

He returned to the Senate, managed to win a few headlines with investigations ranging from the drug industry to steel pricing to boxing and baseball. In 1962, when Justice Charles Evans Whittaker retired from the Supreme Court, Kefauver's name was mentioned as a replacement, but the New Frontier didn't cotton to the Keef's independent ways and named Byron ("Whizzer") White instead.

One day last week, the Senator left the Senate floor, complaining of an upset stomach. Less than 36 hours later he died in Bethesda Naval Hospital of a ruptured main heart artery.

CRIME

Their Thing

In the back room of a New York restaurant in 1930, Joseph Valachi swore his dark oath of allegiance to organized crime. Blood ran from a ceremonial wound in his finger, and the young ex-convict vowed unquestioning obedience to his Mafia overlords. He muttered a final pledge: "If I talk, I'm dead."

For 30 years Valachi kept faith with "omertà," the underworld's blood rule of silence. Then, in 1960, he was imprisoned on a narcotics violation. Suspecting that he was turning informer, the underworld marked him for death. Crazy with fear, Valachi turned to the FBI for protection and began to sing for his life. Last week the word was out that the underworld has put a \$100,000 price on Valachi's head. But Valachi, now 60, has already told his story—a bizarre account of a blood-stained crime syndicate, fondly dubbed *Cosa Nostra* (Our Thing).

The Law of Terror. *Cosa Nostra* is run like a feudal state at war. Its "soldiers," the everyday thugs, are organized into "regimes" and led by "lieutenants." The regimes, in turn, are organized into "families" and bossed by twelve "capos" (heads), each representing a geographic area, who make up *Cosa Nostra's* grand council, and together are the final arbiters of the syndicate's affairs. Chief among them is convicted Narcotics Racketeer Vito Genovese. From Leavenworth Penitentiary, Genovese still communicates his decisions to the mob through ex-cons

or in codes sent by letter or visitors.

The law of *Cosa Nostra* is inflexible. Only those who boast Italian parentage may take the oath. Anyone who "goes wrong" (informs) is condemned to death and must be "hit" (murdered). The assignment to carry out the death sentence is a "contract." The contracts are awarded to other members who, unlike the highly paid assassins of Murder, Inc., carry them out without pay to demonstrate their loyalty.

To *Avenge a Pal*. Inevitably, the division of powers in *Cosa Nostra* has bred jealousies. Valachi for the first time linked some of the top names of gangland past and present in a drama of rivalry and murder.

Already a power in 1957, Vito Genovese coveted the influence of New York Gambling Czar Frank Costello (now fighting deportation). But Costello would not budge. Infuriated, Genovese gave his chauffeur a contract on Costello. The chauffeur took a clumsy shot at Costello in the lobby of his Manhattan apartment, succeeded only in creasing his skull.

That angered the infamous Albert Anastasia, a Costello crony and one-

time high executioner for Murder, Inc. Anastasia was further enraged when another old mobster buddy, Frank Scallise, was hit on Genovese's order a month later for selling memberships in *Cosa Nostra* for \$50,000 apiece. To Anastasia's mind, that broke Lucky Luciano's old law that the *Cosa Nostra* higher-ups should never be physically punished but only fined by the grand council. Word went out that Anastasia would retaliate against Genovese.

But Genovese moved first, recruited Anastasia's own top lieutenant, Carlo Gambino, to help set up his boss for a hit. In October 1957, two Brooklyn hoods hired by Genovese gunned down Anastasia as he sat in a barber's chair in Manhattan's Park Sheraton Hotel. Seven more gunmen were waiting, just in case the first pair muffed the job.

It was that bloody feud that led to the Apalachin summit meeting of *Cosa Nostra* higher-ups in November 1957. There the council approved Genovese's action, and he emerged as undisputed boss. For his part, Gambino inherited Anastasia's spot as a New York capo.

The *Second-Class Rackets*. More than internal rivalry has sapped the strength of *Cosa Nostra* in recent years. Its profitable trafficking in narcotics and prostitution has become too dangerous. Now it has been reduced to such second-class rackets as shylocking (lending money

at exorbitant interest rates), gambling and extortion.

Valachi's singing is the greatest threat yet. Later this month he will testify before the Senate's McClellan committee. Already the Justice Department is readying a score of new indictments. But the Government's fear has been that Valachi's startling confession might touch off a new wave of gangland killings as hoodlums sought to weed out bad risks. At week's end it happened. Two Brooklyn thugs died as bullets sprayed their cars in two separate attacks. One was a member of the Gallo gang, from which killers had been recruited for the rub-out of Albert Anastasia; the other was an ex-Gallo hoodlum who had deserted to a rival Brooklyn gang. Little wonder that many a mobster was muttering "*Cosa Nostra sta rompendo*" (Our Thing is breaking).

THE LAW

Another Kind of Defiance

Last June, after all sorts of boastful promises to "stand in the schoolhouse door" to prevent integration at the University of Alabama, Governor George Wallace conducted a charade of defiance, then backed away in the face of superior federal power. But last week Wallace was back at the business of defiance, and this time he was confident that he had a much less sticky wicket to stand on—after all, he could now seem to side with God Himself.

Wallace called upon the state school board to ignore the United States Supreme Court decision that declared unconstitutional the reading of prayers and the Bible as a part of prescribed classroom exercise. The board did so, ordered that school devotionals continue, and for good measure condemned the court for "trying to take God out of the public affairs of this nation." For his part, Wallace vowed that if the Supreme Court should try to stop Bible reading in any Alabama school, "I'm going to that school and read it myself."

As usual Wallace made the most noise, but others, too, were of a mind to ignore the Supreme Court on this one. Said North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford: "We will go on having Bible readings and prayers in the schools of this state just as we always have." Said Georgia School Superintendent Claude Purcell: "If the schools want to include a reading of some sort, that would be up to them."

Some states were taking steps to abide by the Supreme Court decision. In New York last week, State Education Commissioner James E. Allen Jr. ruled that the fourth stanza of *America* could not be sung in opening school

Our fathers' God, to Thee

Author of liberty

To Thee we sing

Long may our land be bright

With Freedom's holy light

Protect us by Thy might

Great God, our King



GENOVESE



VALACHI



NEW YORK BARBERSHOP MURDER OF MAFIA'S ALBERT ANASTASIA
The song was becoming a score.

exercises because its use "deliberately set out to evade the constitutional prohibition." The attorney generals of both New Jersey and Massachusetts handed down opinions supporting the Supreme Court in their states, although some local school boards threatened defiance of those opinions as well as of the Supreme Court.

This time, Wallace and those of like mind found little possibility that they would even suffer the humiliation which they suffered in defying the law of the land on integration. No Federal Administration would be likely to call out the troops to enforce a prohibition of prayer.

THE SUPREME COURT

A Sequel to Springtime

It was a lovely day in 1961, and in a springtime mood the students at Pennsylvania's little Allegheny College waited for their distinguished guest speaker, U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Orville Douglas. A slender, brown-haired Kappa Kappa Gamma named Joan Carol Martin was especially anxious. After all, Joan was a political science major, an honor student who was deeply interested in juridical philosophy—particularly as expounded by Justice Douglas. Introduced to Douglas by an Allegheny professor, Joan escorted him about the campus. She was duly impressed, and charmed.

The next year Joan titled her senior thesis "Testimonies and Concepts of William O. Douglas," and after graduation she headed for Washington. There, she called Douglas and asked for an appointment to see him. Joan was looking for work. Douglas, as it happened, needed someone to type notes for a book he was writing. Joan qualified and she got the job.

Something Missed. That fall Douglas separated from his second wife and moved to a bachelor apartment. A precociously distinguished jurist and an outdoorsman of rare dedication, Douglas had in 1923 married Mildred Riddle, a girl he had met while both taught at Yakima, Wash., high school. Mildred worked to help him through Columbia University Law School, bore him a son and daughter. But after 30 years of marriage, in 1953, she divorced him, charging that he left her "abandoned and alone" while working and traveling "to remote places in the world."

The next year Douglas married Mercedes Hester Davidson, divorced wife of a former Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Mercedes had been his research assistant, even attended auto mechanics school to learn how to change tires and spark plugs on their faraway trips. But for all of that, something was amiss. Two weeks ago, Mercedes won an uncontested divorce on grounds of cruelty (TIME, Aug. 9). Five days later, Bill Douglas, 64, and Joan Martin, 23, were married; the following day, Mercedes married her



WITH MILDRED 1940



AND MERCEDES 1954



AND JOAN (1963)

No. 2 changed his spark plugs.

third husband, Washington Lawyer Robert B. Eichholz.

"An Aura of Good Taste." For months, the rumor has persisted in Washington that Douglas chatted with President Kennedy last spring, hinted that he might resign from the Supreme Court. Douglas denies this—and there seems little likelihood that he would conceivably step down before Oct. 16, his 65th birthday, when he will be eligible to retire at his full salary of \$35,000 a year for life.

Last week, while the Douglas newlyweds were honeymooning on Washington State's lonely Olympic Peninsula, Joan's mother reported that she had received some "nasty telephone calls" about the marriage. Said she to newsmen: "I'd like to give this an aura of good taste. He is an extraordinary man, and I think my daughter is a very unusual girl. They are, neither of them, ordinary people."

MISSISSIPPI

If You Try & Don't Succeed . . .

Paul Burney Johnson Jr., the lawyer son of a former Governor of Mississippi, made no bones about wanting to follow in Daddy's hallowed footsteps. Three times in ten years he ran for Governor and each time he was defeated. But last week it appeared that Johnson, 47, might soon achieve his lifetime ambition.

Elected lieutenant governor in 1959, Johnson used the succeeding four years to build an image as a hard-nosed segregationist second to none. On a rainy morning last September, when weather kept Governor Ross Barnett from flying to the University of Mississippi to prevent Negro James Meredith from enrolling, Johnson basked in a few moments of ugly glory, humping bellies with U.S. marshals.

"Peace and Tranquility." This summer Johnson's well-worn hat was again in the ring for Governor. Opposing him were Charles Sullivan, 38, Clarksdale attorney and 1960 presidential candidate of Texas' Constitution Party, and ex-Governor James Plemon Coleman, 49, a veteran politician who has won every race he ever entered, from district attorney up. All three are segregationists—Johnson the most vociferous, Coleman the least. Johnson and Sullivan advocated opposing the Kennedy Administration and all its works. Coleman, while decrying the spread of federal power, talked soothingly of bringing "peace and tranquility." From the start, Coleman was in serious trouble.

Unable to get very far by attacking Coleman's solid record as Governor, Johnson and Sullivan chose to tar him with the Kennedy brush, a lethal weapon in Mississippi these days. Coleman, they cried, had let John Kennedy sleep in Theodore Bilbo's old fourposter in the mansion back in 1957. Worse than that, he had gone on statewide TV in the fall of 1960 to support Kennedy for President. Said Johnson from every stump: "Coleman can't get the Kennedy albatross from around his neck." Johnson insisted with pride and fervor that he had "stood up for Mississippi" at Ole Miss, so wasn't it about time Mississippi stood up for him? For comic relief, he threw in a surefire laugh-getter: "You know what the N.A.A.C.P. stands for? Niggers, alligators, apes, coons and possums."

Second Time Around. Last week Mississippians went to the polls and gave Paul Johnson a 21,000-vote lead over Coleman (176,500 to 155,700), with Sullivan receiving 128,500. Thus Johnson and Coleman will face each other in an Aug. 27 runoff. Once before, eight years ago, Coleman overwhelmed Johnson in another runoff for Governor. But this time, with Mississippi feeling the way it does about the Kennedy Administration and segregation, Johnson is definitely favored.

THE WORLD

EASTERN EUROPE

Stirrings

No one in Washington talks any more about "rolling back" Communism in Eastern Europe. Now the hope is to "loosen it up." The U.S. expects the test ban treaty, and whatever cold war relaxation that may follow, to help weaken the satellites' dependence on Moscow and to turn them increasingly toward the West. The Eastern European countries are of course still solidly Communist, and their leaders keep warning that "peaceful coexistence" does not apply to the war with Western ideology. The loudest warnings are from East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who rules by repressive methods that Khrushchev himself has abandoned. But elsewhere, there are stirrings and signs of change: • HUNGARY is hospitable to Western influence, as long as it does not offend its rulers by being openly anti-Communist. Budapest's relatively relaxed ways are

largely the result of efforts by Premier Janos Kadar to erase the bloody stains of 1956, when he personally called in Soviet tanks to crush the revolution. Finding that a lighter yoke yields greater economic prosperity and less political opposition, he has given key managerial jobs to nonparty technicians—and fired inefficient Red bureaucrats. In Budapest coffeehouses the twist has given way to the bossa nova and the Madison. Restrictions against travel have been lifted: last year 6,000 Hungarians were allowed to take trips to the West, a 400% increase over 1961, even though the frontier with Austria is still studded with minefields.

Kadar's "respectability" finally won the regime an unchallenged seat at the United Nations. Last week from Rome, Pope Paul VI sent a message to Hungarian bishops announcing the expectation of "good news," a hint that Josef Cardinal Mindszenty may soon be allowed by the Reds to leave the U.S. legation, where he has been holed up for almost seven years under 24-hour watch by Budapest police. After the revolution of 1848 swept the Continent, Hungarian Patriot Lajos Kossuth said that many people thought his countrymen were the "reddest republicans in Europe." Today, Hungary's people are fast becoming Europe's most republican Reds.

• POLAND, by contrast, shows depressing evidence of sliding back into old ways. Party Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka was swept back into power in 1956 on a wave of discontent led by unorthodox Communists and westernized intellectuals. He gave them a few years of grace, then began slowly narrowing the permissible range of freedom. Still, for a Communist country the range is remarkable. Farms are 87% privately owned—and productive. The Catholic Church is incessantly harassed, but in no other Communist country is there a

separate group of Catholic deputies in Parliament, or such massive public support for the church. The regime periodically cracks down on private businesses, but this month it issued an invitation to would-be capitalists to take over government-owned coffeehouses that are in the red. The *kawiarnie* are the center of Warsaw's bubbling intellectual life: less stimulating, but equally popular, is the U.S.-style self-service supermarket called "Super Sam" (named after the Polish word *sam*, meaning by oneself). Two literary weeklies famous for outspoken verse and prose recently were merged into a single magazine with cultural commissars as editors, but Poles are sure that within a year the new weekly will be as blunt as the old ones were.

• CZECHOSLOVAKIA last week admitted that Rudolf Slansky, former secretary-general of the Communist Party, who was hanged in 1952 on charges of espionage and high treason, had been framed. Younger members of the party had long pressured lackluster Party Boss Antonin Novotny to admit the truth, but since Stalinist Novotny was deeply implicated in the phony trial to begin with, he resisted any move to rehabilitate his dead Red enemy. Novotny also faces rising opposition from intellectuals. At a conference of the Slovak Writers Union this spring, one man got up and openly condemned the regime for persecuting Slovaks under the guise of repressing "bourgeois nationalism."

Living standards in Prague are the highest in Eastern Europe, but the economy has been sagging lately, and party officials are considering hiring nonparty experts for key jobs—a radical departure from orthodox Czech Communism. The birth rate has been falling for years, since couples prefer to save for a new car rather than a new baby. The drab life encourages alcoholism, which last year accounted for one out of every six sui-



BULGARIAN LIQUOR STORE



WARSAW COFFEEHOUSE



ROMANIAN TWIST JOINT

It is now a matter of loosening up rather than rolling back.

cides. Slovaks are also at lagerheads with the regime over a local beer shortage, because the famous foam of Pilsner is exported to the West for hard currency. Demands for a better life and more outside contacts are now being made publicly for the first time. Complained Milan Kundera, an author: "Isolation from other socialist countries is almost as great as from the West."

• **BULGARIA**, also a former stronghold of Stalinist repression, is easing controls slightly, following a purge of pro-Peking Communists ordered by Moscow last year. Peasants got back their private plots; farm prices and incentives for agricultural workers were sharply increased. As a compensation of sorts to urban workers, the regime promised bigger bonuses for children.

An exhibition of U.S. plastics in Sofia last month drew up to 20,000 people a day; throughout the capital, Sofians proudly wore the plastic buttons they received as souvenirs. Said one diplomat: "It was almost a demonstration." The regime fears such scarcely concealed anti-Communist feelings, recently cracked down (like Moscow) on its creative artists. Even circus clowns were warned to make their acts more ideological. At the same time, Communist Ruler Todor Zhivkov allowed U.S. Ambassador Eugene Anderson to give a Fourth of July speech on television; Bulgarian diplomats now accept dinner invitations from embassy personnel. After years of stalling the U.S., Sofia finally agreed to a settlement involving more than \$3,500,000 in conflicting commercial claims. Reason: Bulgaria badly wants to boost trade with the U.S., leaped at the chance to open a trade promotion office in Manhattan.

• **RUMANIA** has the highest industrial growth rate in Europe (16% annually) and, except for Albania, pays its workers the least (per capita income: \$135 a year). Bucharest eagerly cultivates Western traders to supply the latest machinery for its new steel and petrochemical plants; at home political discipline is tighter than ever. When Rumanians last year flocked to see Jack Lemmon and Shirley Maclaine in *The Apartment*, the regime tried to offset its popularity by distributing leaflets explaining that the movie was really about decadence in New York City.

Still fiercely nationalist, Rumania is winning its own measure of independence from Moscow. Under Soviet plans for COMECON, the faltering Communist answer to the Common Market, Rumania was supposed to concentrate on growing foodstuffs for the rest of Eastern Europe, thus stunting its own economic growth. Refusing to be a mere "garden for the Socialist countries," Party Leader Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej insisted on developing Rumania's own natural resources. Bucharest's feud with the Kremlin is still going strong, perhaps the first time on record that a Communist country has publicly stood up to Big Brother and not been pilloried.

RUSSIA

Camp Nikita

Accompanying Secretary of State Dean Rusk on his Russian trip, Western newsmen last week got their first glimpse of Nikita Khrushchev's seaside hideaway. It made the Kennedy compound at Hyannis Port look like a Boy Scout bungalow.

Camp Nikita nestles, half hidden, in a grove of rare prehistoric pine trees



RUSK & HOST PLAYING BADMINTON AT KHRUSHCHEV'S PLACE
It made the Kennedy compound look like a Boy Scout bungalow.

(each labeled with a metal plate) on the Pitsunda peninsula, 18 miles southeast of Gagra on the Black Sea. On three sides the estate is bordered by a vast state farm; the fourth side is a gentle, U-shaped bay. The beach is broad but rocky; to protect tender feet, boardwalks lead to the water's edge. Four piers, each with a cozy pavilion, jut out into the sea. Dotting the beach are cabanas, each outfitted with swimming trunks and soft towels. In one, presumably the Premier's, is a white emergency telephone. Phones in blue boxes are scattered along asphalt walks that meander through the forest.

The main compound, surrounded by an ugly ten-foot cement-block wall, is composed of three villas. Khrushchev's is designed in Soviet-modern, a boxlike, sandstone, two-story building topped with a roof-garden penthouse reached by an outside elevator. A huge porch is enclosed by glass on two sides and opens to the sea. Near by is a similar two-story villa for servants and security men. The third building is a recreation house that erupts in a variety of verandas, terraces and wall-to-wall windows. Attached to the back is a glassed-in gymnasium with Oriental rugs, where Rusk and Khrushchev played a brisk game of badminton. Medicine balls of assorted sizes lie around along with other muscle-building equipment, such as parallel bars, weight pulleys, climbing bars and a gymnastic horse. A

corridor leads to Nikita's pride and joy: a 25-yd. swimming pool that can be heated to any temperature, or opened to the sea breeze by a pushbutton that controls enormous steel-and-glass walls. The roof of the pool is made of old bomber wings.

Everywhere there are signs of Nikita's three grandsons, the children of his daughter Rada and Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei. Toys and bikes are parked near flower beds. Aleksei Jr.,

a towheaded eight-year-old with horn-rimmed glasses, zooms around in a green, gasoline-powered Cheetah Cub Car, an American-made miniature sports model that Dad picked up on a visit to the U.S. The seat of the Cheetah is covered with real leopard skin.

EUROPE

Verdun Revisited

"If Verdun is taken, what a disaster!" warned France's President Raymond Poincaré. "If it is saved, how can we ever forget the price?" In the cruelest ten months of World War I, Verdun was saved. But the price was so disastrous—half a million French and German dead—that it has never been forgotten by either nation.

Over Verdun's ravaged fields one moonlit night last week, a bell tolled mournfully from the vast hilltop monument of Douaumont, where 100,000 nameless skeletons are entombed. French army drums and bugles sounded the solemn *Sonnerie aux Morts*, France's ancient salute to the fallen. A chorus of clear young voices intoned the German army's somber hymn, *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*. Then a torchlit procession of 1,400 young Germans and 700 French youths wound down the damp hillside. The ceremony was part of a movement started by Father Theobald Rieth, a German Jesuit who set out ten years

ago to turn the graveyards of two world wars into meeting grounds for a new generation of Europeans.

Rieth's hard-working hands have searched out and restored neglected German graves from the Finnish tundra to the Tunisian desert and—where permitted—have cared for Allied cemeteries as well. From its first camp with 60 volunteers in 1953, Rieth's Reconciliation over Graves program has grown into an international movement in which more than 3,500 volunteers from 16 other countries have taken part along with some 30,000 Germans. This summer 6,345 Europeans out of more than 20,000 applicants, aged 16



PROSTITUTE BARRETT

But then, it was worse in the 17th century.

to 25, have given up vacation time to work in staggered two-week shifts near war cemeteries in France, Britain, Luxembourg, Italy and Austria. They are unpaid, get spartan rations, and have to foot up to half their transportation costs.

At first the German expeditions of ten met with a flinty reception in areas that had suffered from German brutality in both wars. The movement's stiffest test came in Verdun. For the first time since World War II, the black, red and gold flag of Germany was flown from the town hall, and the band played *Deutschlandlied*. But the French seemed touched by the occasion.

The first night of the Germans' weekend visit, the *Verdunois* turned out appreciatively for a concert of Bach, Handel and Mozart, played by young German musicians in the 12th century cathedral that was shredded by German Big Berthas in 1916. Many of the visitors were invited to meals in French homes; even when they had to speak in sign language, the lesson was plain. The price of Verdun, as a German high school student put it, was not eternal hatred but eternal awareness that "we can help prevent the repetition of these terrible happenings."

GREAT BRITAIN

A Moral Post-Mortem

All his life Stephen Ward had been surrounded by people, a few of them, perhaps, his friends. In death last week he attracted only curiosity seekers, several hundred strong. Nine days after swallowing a massive overdose of Nembutal, Stephen Ward—liar, drug user, pornographer, libertine and convicted pimp—was cremated in the London suburb of Mortlake. Though his solicitor had asked that no flowers be sent, there was a wreath of two hundred roses from, among others, Playwrights John Osborne and Arnold Wesker. Critic



PROFUMO & SON

Kenneth Tynan. Novelists Angus Wilson and Alan Sillitoe, Jazzman Acker Bilk (who later withdrew his name). With the flowers came a note: "To Stephen Ward, victim of British hypocrisy." Explained Tynan: "British society created him, used him, and ruthlessly destroyed him. The Establishment has closed its ranks around its body."

This preposterous attempt to make a hero of Stephen Ward flitted in with the scatterbrained, left-wing politics of most of the signers. Britain's Angry Middle-aged Men, who used him to demonstrate that the Establishment and British society in general are rotten. Amid all this sudden sympathy for Ward it almost became necessary to recall what he had really been like. A top London crime reporter, who knew him long before the case broke, summed it up. He said Ward had corrupted the innocent, worsened the already bad, toyed with people's lives for the fun of it, dallied with whores so grubby that even Christine Keeler "could not bear to look at them." To many he was "a central figure of evil." Ward, added the *Guardian*, was not a victim of hypocrisy, but a "victim of his own impulses, which led him into many squalid crimes, not all of them mentioned in the

official charge sheet. There ought to be compassion for a doomed criminal, but no support for any myth about his being a 'martyr,' and nothing but contempt for those who try to encourage such a myth."

Highest Duty. Yet the uneasy feeling persisted that somehow Ward had been made a scapegoat, and that his case and the public's reaction to it carry a disturbing message about British law and morals. Nothing could be more revered, solemn and self-righteous than the British judiciary, but there is now a growing consensus that the Ward case has put in question its vaunted independence from politics.

Ward's hasty arrest and trial raised the troubling implication that he was prosecuted mainly because he threatened the existence of the government. Under oath, Call Girl Ronna Ricardo said that the police had put her up to making damaging false statements about Ward. To a newspaper reporter last week, prostitute Vickie Barrett admitted that she had perjured herself when she claimed on the stand that she had whipped men for money in Ward's flat; later she denied her denial.

Though Cabinet, film and noble personalities were mentioned in court as having been involved with Ward or his girls, none of the gentlemen in question were called to testify. The widespread suspicion in Britain is that the defense did not call them because by telling the truth about Ward they would only have damaged his case, and that the prosecution did not call them because it did not wish to embarrass the Establishment. In general, serious observers fear that British courts are assuming, or are being forced to assume, too much authority as an arm of government, and recall the dictum of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker, during the trial of scandal-mongering journalists after the Vassall spy case, that "the citizen's highest duty is to the state."

Never the Same Again. The doubts raised by the Ward case go beyond such specific matters as the function of the judiciary. The wide-ranging inquiry being conducted by Lord Denning, Master of the Rolls,* keeps feeding new rumors into the stream of London gossip, including the suspicion that two more Cabinet members besides War Minister Jack Profumo were involved in the case or its fringes. Says Denning: "It is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between crime and sin."

The press continued to play both crime and sin for all they were worth, and it was easy to blame it for exaggerating, if not creating the scandal by buying up "confessions" right and left at fabulous prices. The People, which had lost Christine Keeler's story in the bidding with its rival, News of the World, last week attacked Christine

* A prestigious title, always given to one of Britain's senior justices, it carries an annual salary of \$25,200.

under the banner **SHAMELESS SLUT**. Not only was Christine a marijuana smoker who engaged in nightly orgies, said the paper, but it added the oddly prim observation that she only bathed every other day and never washed her underwear: when it got too dirty, she sent her butler out to buy some more. Christine immediately filed suit against *The People*.

The Guardian splenetically accused fellow journalists of being little better than prostitutes and purveyors of pornography (though in fact, it carried more words on the case than the tabloid *Daily Mirror*). But for all its excesses, it was the press that was largely responsible for bringing the Profumo affair to light. And it was the normally pro-government London Times which insisted from the first that the case posed a moral issue.

"Morals have been discounted too long," wrote Times Editor Sir William Haley last June. "A judge may be justified in reminding a jury 'this is not a court of morals.' The same exception cannot be allowed public opinion without rot setting in and all standards suffering. . . . For the Conservative Party—and it is to be hoped, for the nation—things can never be quite the same again."

Goats & Monkeys. Harold Macmillan, for one, has not forgiven Haley for what he considered a stab in the back from within the Establishment. "The Profumo case," said Macmillan fatuously last week, "revealed the very high standard we try to maintain in British public life," because otherwise the affair would not have "caused so great a shock." The judge in the Ward case himself echoed the widespread view that Ward was an exception, and that "the even tenor of the British family goes on quietly." And the Bishop of Exeter maintained that the "Profumo scandal does not prove that the private morals of public men are worse in this generation

than they have been in the past. In the 17th and 18th centuries, they were far worse."

But the whole tone of morality then was different. In Restoration England, debauchery was public and unabashed. King Charles II acknowledged 14 bastards, openly went to church with them, even gave them titles (the present Duke of Richmond springs from the Stuart bar sinister). But there was just as much vigor among the Puritan opposition, which lustily preached fire and brimstone. In Ward's Britain, vice tends to be half-hidden by respectability—and only half-condemned. There is a relative lack of moral indignation in many quarters, including Profumo's own constituency (see following story). The Labor Opposition, though it has muttered about the corrupt aristocracy and the twilight of a class—and exploded the Profumo scandal in the first place—has put far more stress on the practical issue of the British security system.

Yet a sense of outrage does remain. Profumo, for example, would not dare to enter one of the St. James clubs, or to appear at the Goodwood races (he fled to Scotland and his sister's place during the recent bank holiday). Lord Astor continues to entertain, but, says one Establishmentarian, "people resent him for mixing his family and his circle with his peccadilloes."

More significant than its social repercussions, however, is that the whole question is provoking serious, bitter, partisan and angry argument. A besetting sin of British society for a decade has been self-satisfaction and complacency. These have been badly shaken. Britons have been forced to begin a long and painful examination of conscience. "Let us be frank," says Novelist Rebecca West. "The problem is, as it always has been, to get the goats and monkeys under control. The Ward case is a problem in animal training, and we ourselves are the animals."

"What Has Hamlet Done for You Lately?"

In the Shakespeare country, where John Profumo was four times elected to Parliament before he was cut off in the blossoms of his sin, the air last week was promise-crammed. Campaigning for Profumo's seat were: left-wing Labor Candidate Andrew Faulds, 40, a bearded Shakespearean actor who actually discovered a slum in the Warwickshire countryside; Publisher Derick Mirfin, 33, a bright, toothy Liberal, who declared that "it's time to give the Tories a kick in the pants"; and Tory Angus Maude, 50, an able journalist and former M.P. who rebelled against the government's handling of Suez but was running on the Tories' record of service to the country.

Also on display: Farmer Miles Blair, 53, who spends most of his time writing letters urging closer ties with Portugal and South Africa and none at all with the U.S.; and David ("Screaming Lord") Sutcliffe, a 22-year-old plumber's helper turned rock-'n'-roll singer, who called for a better deal for Britain's teenagers, though by law they are not permitted to vote for him, and affrighted Stratford-upon-Avon by campaigning in top hat and tails. "What," he asked disdainfully, "has Hamlet done for you lately?"

A staunch Tory stronghold, Stratford returned Profumo in 1959 with a massive, 14,129-vote margin over a Labor opponent. Though Maude last week was the odds-on favorite, fellow Tories feared that the presence of a vigorous Liberal candidate and two extremists in the race might seriously cut into Conservative strength. Maude was helped by a gentleman's agreement among all the candidates to avoid dragging Profumo into the campaign. In any event, the great majority of voters seemed unperturbed by disclosures of vice in high places.

Indeed, says Stratford Herald Editor Harry Pigott-Smith, the voters had long known that Profumo was "a naughty boy," and would gladly have kept the ex-War Minister as their M.P. if only he had not lied about his affair with Christine Keeler to the House of Commons. Stratford's most serious criticism of the government was that it had launched an irritating political diversion in the Shakespeare industry's peak season. On the other hand, most voters were probably too busy changing dollars and Deutsche marks to change parties.

The Cheddington Caper

A Royal Mail train pulled out of Glasgow one night last week, bound for London's Euston station, 401 miles to the south. Aboard were 70 employees of the General Post Office, locked into twelve maroon-colored coaches, each bearing the royal coat of arms and the royal cipher, E R II. As they sped along at 80 m.p.h., the postal clerks busily sorted letters from hundreds of



PRIME MINISTER MACMILLAN



PUNDIT WEST

But at last a painful examination of conscience.



BRIDGE WHERE TRUCK WAS WAITING



FIREMAN WHITBY

Was the word also dropped from above?

mailbags scooped up from gantries en route. In the "High Value" coach right behind the diesel locomotive, five particularly experienced sorters were on duty, sealed into their car with a precious cargo of \$7,145,600 in bank notes, many of them old bills destined to be taken out of circulation—though not as it actually happened.

Trackside Blur. Two hours before dawn, as the Royal Mail hurtled through sleeping Buckinghamshire, Engineer Jack Mills, 57, saw a red signal at Sears Crossing. Mills halted the train and Fireman David Whitby, 26, swung down from the cab, went to the trackside telephone to find out what was wrong. He saw that the wires were cut and, turning, spotted a man between the second and third coaches. "What's up, mate?" asked Whitby, and the next moment he was grabbed from behind, warned, "If you shout, I'll kill you."

Two other robbers smashed their way into the engine cab and knocked Engineer Mills cold. Coming to, Mills found that the locomotive and the first two cars had been uncoupled. He was ordered to proceed slowly up the track, leaving the 65 postal clerks in the abandoned cars unaware that anything was wrong. After about half a mile, a white blur emerged—it was a white sheet stretched between poles. "Here it is!" cried one bandit, and ordered Mills to halt atop Bridgego Bridge. A truck waited below. The masked mobsters meanwhile had broken into the High Value coach, forced the five unarmed postal clerks to lie face down in a corner. Emptying the coach of 124 mail sacks, the mobsters tossed them down to confederates who loaded them into the truck. It was all over in 15 minutes.

The caper had been brilliantly planned and executed. To stop the train,

the robbers had covered the green light with a glove, activated the red one with four flashlight batteries. In uncoupling the cars, they had deftly operated both the hydraulic and steam-brake systems without raising an alarm. In choosing Bridgego Bridge as the transfer point, they picked one of the most deserted spots along the rail line, and further safeguarded their escape by systematically cutting all telephone lines in the vicinity. Borrowing a bicycle, a trainman pedaled to the nearest police station in Cheddington, and reached it an hour after the crime.

Flying Snoopers. The \$7,000,000 haul was the greatest train robbery in history, and far surpassed the 1950 Brink's truck robbery in Boston, which netted \$2,775,000. In Australia, the Sydney Daily Telegraph editorialized: "It proves that the homeland of Dick Turpin and Charlie Peace is not decadent. Britons may not admit they are proud, but in private many are thinking. 'For they are jolly good felons.'"

Britain's Postmaster-General Reginald Bevins was not one of the jubilant ones. He believes the robbery was probably an inside job, since the mobsters could hardly by chance have held up the particular Royal Mail carrying so colossal a hoard. If so, the gang's informer must be someone high up in the postal administration, since British railroads are never told what is carried in the Royal Mail trains, and the postal workers on board are equally ignorant of what they handle in the plain, unmarked mail sacks.

Rewards totaling \$728,000 were offered by banks, insurance companies and the government. Scotland Yard was hard at work tracking down rumors that, days before the robbery, a red airplane had taken off and landed at an abandoned R.A.F. field near Cheddington, and that mysterious men had been seen shooting films of trains and the stretch of rail line. Asked if he felt a sneaking admiration for the artistry displayed by the robbers, Postmaster-General Bevins sniffed: "I don't feel any admiration for these gentlemen at all." Maybe not. But the shade of Jesse James, whose first and most famous score came to a measly \$3,000 on a Rock Island Railroad holdup, would undoubtedly hail his British cousins with a courtly bow and a sweep of his broad-brimmed hat.

ALGERIA

At Least Not Chaos

"Believe me, it is not easy to resist the temptation to power," said Algeria's Premier Ahmed Ben Bella last week on the first anniversary of Algeria's independence. In the past year Ben Bella's problem has not been so much to resist power as to keep it, along with a modicum of order. By and large he has done better than he or anyone else had a right to expect. In almost any other place, the country's problems would be considered disastrous, but in Algeria they add up to stability of sorts.

A year ago, amid murder, rape, kidnapping and looting, Algeria was shaping up as another Congo. Warlords ruled supreme in the six wilayas (military zones), and a minor, three-day civil war cost 2,000 lives. The economy seemed near death and the flight of French settlers—out of 1,000,000 only about 100,000 remained—deprived the country of nearly all doctors, civil servants, teachers and technicians. Most observers expected either a harsh military dictatorship or total anarchy. Though Ben Bella is a dictator, he has so far managed to avoid both extremes and rules not so much as a doctrinaire socialist, which he once seemed to be, but as a pragmatic politician.

Tomatoes Are Cheaper. When he was inaugurated Premier last September, he discovered his principal aim of land reform was already an accomplished fact: Algerian peasants had spontaneously taken over the rich lands vacated by the French settlers. Ben Bella shrewdly legalized what the peasants had improvised. The peasants also showed wisdom: instead of breaking up the estates into uneconomic small plots, they decided to form management committees to run them as they were. Ben Bella, who has an almost mystical love of the peasant masses, is staking his future on this version of the collective farm. Each estate has a government-appointed director, but the committees are guaranteed the right of secret ballot and the privilege of dismissing the directors.

The showpiece of the new system is the 4,500-acre estate (wine, vegetables, citrus fruit) formerly owned by Henri Borgeaud, once the richest man in Algeria. After he fled to France last year, his 1,800 peasants and their families burned down the *bidonville* (shantytown) where they had huddled in squalor for generations, and moved into their former master's dwellings. The wine presses and bottling machinery are in good order and ready to process the bumper grape harvest expected this month, although ex-Owner Borgeaud took the formula for his red wine with him to France and no one is quite sure how to achieve the same product. There are other problems; tomatoes, for instance, are being sold to farm workers for 1½¢ a lb. but cost 5¢ to produce. Unworried, the management committee has set up a school with five teachers, a

volunteer fire department, a recreation center and a soccer team.

Algeria's grimmest problems can be seen in the remote mountains, in such places as Amoura, a small village in the foothills of the Ouled Nail. The village itself was destroyed years ago by French bombers, and Amoura's 2,500 people inhabit caves. They have no cattle and live mostly on vegetables, supplemented by grass. Amoura had never seen a doctor until last month when a U.S. physician arrived from Algiers' Beni-Messous hospital, 170 miles away. One villager, who claims to be 105 years old, grumbled that "since the day I was born there has never been any hope, and I don't expect any for my children, grandchildren or great-grandchildren." But the government, with the help of various relief agencies, defiantly hopes to make Amoura a model village. A milk feeding station for children is already operating.

Refusing Owners. In the cities, Ben Bella so far has nationalized only a small number of minor industries, says he will not nationalize further "unless we are forced to, that is, unless owners refuse to keep their factories running." Under a law passed last month, Algeria promises that no new foreign enterprise will be nationalized until it has completely amortized its investment, and if taken over, full compensation will be paid the investors. The government has not been swamped by offers from abroad, but a U.S. company has proposed building a fertilizer factory. Renault has already set up an assembly plant for small cars, and British and West German interests are considering investing in mines, steel and other heavy industries.

Relations with France are surprisingly close: 20,000 French technicians, their salaries paid by Paris, work in

Algeria, and young Algerian government employees are being trained in France. Most Frenchmen, including De Gaulle, "have a conscience about Algeria," and Paris has granted upwards of \$400 million in aid. The U.S. last year supplied 300,000 tons of wheat, which fed 4,600,000 undernourished Algerians, and U.S. aid during the next fiscal year will come to about \$40 million. The Communist bloc has so far offered only \$12 million, mostly in loans, but last week a top-level Soviet economic mission arrived in Algeria for investigation and discussions. For the present, there seems little danger of the country's slipping into Communism (the small Communist Party was outlawed last November).

Revolutionary Play. Ben Bella has probably jailed fewer people in his first year of power than most Afro-Asian revolutionary leaders. His opposition ranges from National Assembly Speaker Ferhat Abbas, who complains that socialism is coming too swiftly, to Marxist Theoretician Mohammed Boudiaf, who complains that socialism is not coming quickly enough. Boudiaf and three of his supporters have been under house arrest since June, and another opponent, Mohammed Khider, has been exiled. At one time Ben Bella seemed threatened by shadowy, ascetic Colonel Houari Boumediene: as Defense Minister and army chief, he has so much power that he probably could take over. Apparently, he is content to work in the background, has kept the army loyal to Ben Bella.

In foreign affairs, Ben Bella has given up the impractical vision of a united Maghreb (Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco). But as head of the only African nation so far to have fought a long, bloody war, if not to victory in the field, at least to independence, he seems to



PREMIER BEN BELLA

Prepared to die a little.

dream of leading all Africa—although there is considerable doubt as to how his near-bankrupt country could afford such a role. Still playing the revolutionary, Ben Bella has set up a training camp for 1,000 Angolan guerrillas who hope to drive the Portuguese colonialists from their homeland, and at a foreign ministers' conference in Dakar last week, he rousing urged the delegates to descend on the U.N. in mass for a last-ditch fight against Portugal and South Africa.

At the Pan-African Conference at Addis Ababa last May, Ben Bella remarked: "To free Africa, we must all be prepared to die a little." Ben Bella's people, sick of strife, would first like to live a little.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Death v. the Family

In the sleepy fishing port of Phan-thiet, 100 miles east of Saigon, a 21-year-old novice Buddhist monk named Nguyen Huong poured gasoline over his robes, then lit a match and turned himself into a human pyre. He was the second Buddhist priest to burn himself to death in protest against the authoritarian regime of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem and his ruling family.

Nguyen Huong's death caused Buddhist protest demonstrations and hunger strikes all over the country. While the furor over his death rages, Buddhist leaders have ruled out further suicides until they can again reap the full propaganda advantage. Waiting in the wings, however, are three more suicide volunteers, including an aged Buddhist nun. Not intimidated, Diem's sister-in-law, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, continued to preach the hard line against the Buddhists. "If they burn 30 women, we will go ahead and clap our hands," said Mme. Nhu. "We cannot be responsible for their madness."



GRAPE HARVEST ON OLD BORGEAUD ESTATE

They want to live a little.

WEST GERMANY

This Year in Marienbad

"Are the stairs growing steeper?" ask advertisements in West German newspapers. "Or why is it that you must stop and rest halfway, with your heart beating in your throat?" The answer, according to the ad, is not to take the elevator but to take the cure at Bad Tölz, a *gemütlich* Bavarian spa where "a new, particularly iodine-rich spring gives your blood vessels elasticity, your heart strength, your nerves fresh vigor." Like all the 140 officially recognized watering places in West Germany, Bad Tölz is itself in the pink of condition, thanks to a booming health cult that in 1963 will lure a record 3,500,000 patients to spas offering cures for virtually every ailment known to medicine, and a few known only to Germans.

Unlike most Anglo-Saxons, for whom "taking the waters" went out with gout, Germans today fervently believe that any resort with *Bad* (meaning bath) in its name is good for what ails them. In fact the spa empire stretches beyond Germany's present borders. From Marienbad, now part of Czechoslovakia, to Baden, outside Vienna, where King Saud, his four wives and en-

tourage are pumping \$1 million a month into the local economy, hotel rooms in health resorts are booked solidly through summer and fall. In West Germany alone last year, *Kurplätze*, or cure-guests, cost \$375 million on the health-giving waters, a 250% increase since 1955. "The great, the rich and the fat still come," says an official of the West German spa association. "But now that our social structure is more egalitarian, the *Kur* is for everyone."

Bad Limburger. Germans with weak eyesight flock to Bad Wiessee: those in search of "rejuvenation" swear by Austria's Bad Gastein. Aix (pronounced aches) -la-Chapelle and Bad Oeynhaus-en offer famed rheumatism cures. Some resorts, such as Baden-Baden and nearby Badenweiler, are known as *Gesellschaftsbäder*, or social spas, because patrons go there more for the crowd than the cure. Nearly all the spas advertise cures for the capitalist ailment known deferentially as *Manager-Krankheit*, the manager's disease. Says the owner of Baden-Baden's chic Bellevue Hotel, where Greta Garbo stayed through July without stirring a flicker of recognition: "With these rich people, all they really want is to recuperate from their last recuperation."

Indeed, the *Kur* means more to Germans than treatment for any specific ailment. It assures them sympathy in

antiseptic surroundings, connotes that the cure-guest has patriotically worked himself to exhaustion, and allows patients endless opportunity to discuss a favorite topic: food and its effect on the digestive tract. Nearly all spa patrons go on rigorous diets, which make them feel better about overeating the rest of the year. Most treatments seem worse than the ailments they aim to cure. Rising at dawn, the dedicated *Kurplatz* gulps heakers of water whose mineral content—notably sodium chloride, sulphur and iron—makes it smell like Bad Limburger; Marienbad's most famed spring is proudly called The Stinker, and it tastes like well rusted steel wool. The rest of the day they spend soaking, sipping, wading and inhaling as if their lives depended on it—and many believe they do.

Mud Mousse. At Bad Meinberg, sufferers from circulatory disorders are locked into therapeutic gas chambers that are pumped full of carbon dioxide. At Bad Nauheim, one of West Germany's biggest health resorts, patients with respiratory ailments are sealed in transparent oven-wrap and gently parboiled in an "inhalatorium" full of thermal steam. One of the traditional cures is the *Lehnbad*, or dirt bath, in which the patient sits in a hole in the ground and marinates himself in a kind of mud mousse. After weeks of exposure to mud and sun, Germans acquire curiously even, cornflake-colored suntans that look as if they had been applied with a paint roller.

For treatment of liver, kidney and other intestinal disorders, *Badeärzte* (bath doctors) make patients lie naked on a couch while an attendant pats piping hot mud pies over the affected area. After a few days of such torture, patients often complain that they feel worse than when they arrived. They are then said to be suffering from *Badekotter*, the bath-house blues, which, explain cheerful spa doctors, only proves that the regimen is having some effect.

It must, for Germans have been drinking and dunking in thermal springs for 2,000 years, since the Roman legionnaires first used them to recuperate from the wars. New springs are still being discovered, though the latest and hottest (125° F.) at the new Bavarian resort of Bad Füssing had to be closed recently when the waters turned out to be rich in bacteria. Doctors have learned curiously little about the medical or psychological effects of the *Kur*, though a lavishly endowed Institute of Balneology, which opened at Bad Nauheim last month, aims to make long-term studies of this branch of healing. However, the vast majority of patients need no scientific evidence to convince them that the *Kur* really cures. Like the masochist who bangs his head on the wall because it is so pleasant when he stops, Germans say solemnly: "You can only appreciate the improvement after you get home."

The word spa comes from a Belgian spa called Spa



IN SUN AT BADEN-BADEN

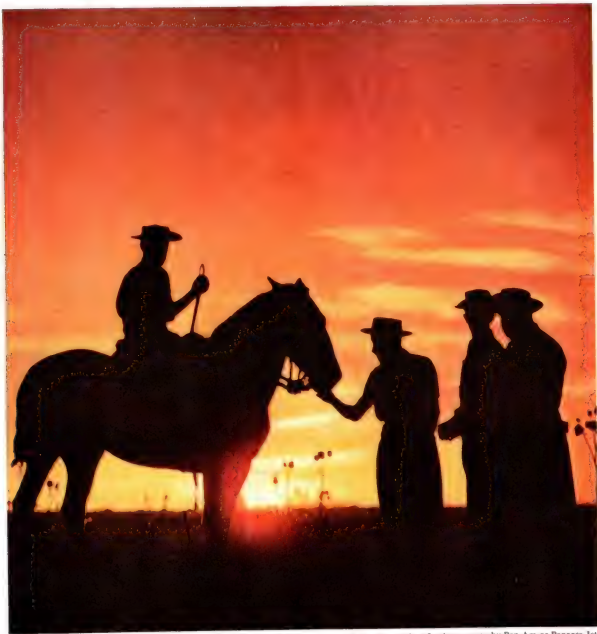


IN TUBS

In every Bad, some good.



IN TOWELS



The gaucho isn't just a legend. He's very much alive in modern Argentina—only a few hours away by Pan Am or Panagra Jet.

South America: where nights are NIGHTS!

In the nighttime world of Argentina, gauchos still gather on the pampas to barbecue a cut of fresh beef. And only 60 miles away, Buenos Aires turns its lights on and becomes the Paris of the Western Hemisphere. Exciting restaurants tempt you with giant steaks at snack prices. Take in the opera or the theatre, then steal away to a carriage ride by moonlight. This is Buenos Aires—just one of many great South American cities. The only way to see South America is to see them all! And the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent is Pan Am-Panagra. See Rio, Lima and many other cities on a round trip Jet ticket to Buenos Aires. As little as \$630. Jet economy fare from New York. Or you can leave the U.S. from any one of 7 other cities. See your Pan Am Travel Agent or call Pan Am.

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SHOOT BY JARMAN

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Report Card on Ignorance

Latin America's troubles are not only of today but of tomorrow. Everybody knows that the schooling is generally bad, but nobody has had accurate statistics. The Organization of American States recently surveyed 19 Latin American republics (not including Cuba) and compiled some melancholy figures:

- ▶ In the cities, only 56% of the children in the 7-to-14 age bracket go to school. In rural areas, things are worse—only one in four gets to class.
- ▶ One out of every two children who start school drops out in the first three grades, and four out of five drop out before finishing primary school.
- ▶ Among youngsters of high school age (15-19), only 15% are in school, as against 90% in the U.S.
- ▶ Only about 3% of the young men and women of college age are in college, as against 35% in the U.S.

In waging a belated and uphill struggle against ignorance, Latin American countries have, on the average, more than doubled education expenditures in the past five years. Peru and Colombia have undertaken extensive programs to train teachers and build new schools. In Mexico, education is now the biggest single item in the federal budget. In Venezuela, since President Rómulo Betancourt took office in 1959, the government has doubled primary-school enrollment, built 4,000 new schools, set up night classes for adults, sent soldiers into the slums to teach reading and writing. Result so far: a reduction in the illiteracy rate from 56% to 18%.

A little overwhelmed by the obstacles, but encouraged by promising starts, education ministers of 19 Latin American nations and the U.S. met in Bogotá last week to exchange ideas on how to get the most from the estimated \$30 billion their governments will spend on education during the 1960s. The conference's minimum objective for 1970: to provide at least six years of education for every child in Latin America.

HAITI

Invasion In Miniature

Some reports said they came by sea. By other accounts, they forded the Massacre River from the Dominican Republic. One way or the other, in the hot, flat northeast corner of Haiti one morning last week, a band of Haitian exiles led by former army officers waded back into their homeland. Still dripping wet, silver-haired General Léon Cantave, 53, quickly organized his meager forces. Then they all marched off to overthrow, or at least harass, François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier, Haiti's brutal dictator.

The attempt made more headlines than it did progress. Cantave's men took



SCHOOL IN COLOMBIA

A little overwhelming, but still encouraging.

two tiny peasant villages, Meyac and Dérac. From there the invasion force pushed on to Fort Liberté. The garrison fired on the invaders, and the invaders fired back. After hours of sporadic gunplay, the invaders retreated into the hills, perhaps to fight another day.

BOLIVIA

Solvency & Self-Respect

Bolivian tin miners are tough and violent men. Last month a gang of miners with a vague and perhaps imaginary grievance dragged a member of the legislature from his house, strapped a stick of dynamite to his body, and blasted him to bits. When his pregnant wife came running out of the house waving a white handkerchief, a miner shot her to death.

In view of the miners' propensity for violence, a lot of Bolivians expected trouble when, on Aug. 1, the government-owned tin corporation, Comibol, put into effect an announced plan to cut the work force at the Catavi tin mines by 30%, effective Sept. 1. Members of the Red-riddled Miners Union muttered threats of violence and a nationwide general strike. But by last week's end, to the nation's surprise and relief, no serious trouble had erupted.

Operation Triangular. Bolivia's President Victor Paz Estenssoro may have been less surprised than many of his countrymen. He is a cautious man who refrains from making important moves until he feels sure the odds are with him.

Paz Estenssoro's goal is to make the tin mines profitable again by modernizing equipment and de-featherbedding payrolls. If he succeeds, that will be an important victory for him and for Bolivia. Before Bolivia's 1952 revolution, led by Paz Estenssoro, the tin mines produced the ore equivalent of about

30,000 tons of tin a year, accounted for the greater part of the nation's foreign exchange. Within a few years after the triumphant revolution nationalized the mines, production and efficiency sank to the point where the mines ceased to be profitable. In recent years, they have produced only about 17,000 tons of tin a year, have operated at an average annual deficit of \$8,500,000.

During the Eisenhower years, the U.S. channeled most of its economic aid to Bolivia into agricultural development because the Administration was reluctant to aid nationalized mines, and wanted to see the Bolivian economy diversified. Under the Kennedy Administration, the policy of no aid to tin mining has been abandoned. U.S. Ambassador Ben Stephansky persuaded President Paz to adopt a program calling for a 65% increase in Bolivian tin production by 1967. To obtain funds for modernizing the mines, Comibol entered into a three-cornered aid pact, called "Operation Triangular," with the U.S., the Inter-American Development Bank and West Germany. In return for \$38 million in aid, Comibol undertook to operate its mines more efficiently and to drop 6,000 men from its 26,000-man work force.

Point of Definition. Catavi, the country's largest single tin-mine complex, seemed a good place to start. It accounted for 30% of Comibol's operating losses, and half of its 7,000 employees were superfluous. "Be firm, don't weaken," Paz Estenssoro said to Comibol's President Guillermo Bedregal.

Bedregal has no intention of weakening. He is bent upon renovation of the tin mines as an essential step toward restoring national solvency and self-respect. "We are facing a point of definition in this country," he says. "This is absolutely the most important development since the revolution."



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PEOPLE

At 89, ex-President **Herbert Hoover** was making an astonishing recovery from the gastro-intestinal bleeding that brought him near death in June. He now spends some time every day at his desk in his Waldorf Towers apartment. But Hoover canceled his traditional birthday-evening press conference on doctors' orders, instead issued a written statement. "The longer I live and the more I see," it said, "the more confidence I have in the American system of constant good will and service to other nations, and of free enterprise and personal liberty. We have a great way of life—let's keep it that way."

For seven years the number of Broadway plays (not musicals) that had ever passed the 1,000-performance mark stood at an even dozen. Now *Mary, Mary* has come along to make it a baker's dozen—and to serve up a yeasty \$1,000,000 for Playwright **Jean Kerr**, 40. But she is almost too busy to spend her dough. Wife of the New York Herald Tribune's Drama Critic **Walter Kerr**, she is expecting her sixth child in October, has just sold her best-selling novel *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* to NBC-TV, is finishing up her next play, *Poor Richard*, due on Broadway next year.

The big stars said no. Even the little stars said no. But **LuLu Porter** said yes, and so the U.S. was assured that one of its own would be in there singing with representatives of 32 other nations at this week's International Song Festival at Sopot, Poland. Swell, but who's LuLu Porter? Well, explained White House Press Secretary **Pierre Salinger**, he had heard LuLu, fetching, brown-eyed and 23, belt out nine songs at Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills last spring, later met and congratulated her. Youngest of nine children of a music-loving Ohio farmer, LuLu (nee **Marianne Wolford**) began singing professionally only a year ago, says her first



LU LU

Ye big Pierre was at Ye Little Club.



IKK & CRONKITE DOCUMENTARYING ON OMAHA BEACH
The Old Soldier was at a loss.

act was "a bomb." She does a mean belly dance as a sideline, but finds the bumps a grind, hopes to narrow her repertoire to singing and acting.

When their case went to court last year, Actor-Director **José Ferrer**, 51, tried to talk Singer **Rosemary Clooney**, 35, out of divorcing him. Accused of carrying on with other women throughout the nine-year marriage, José seemed subdued and penitent, insisted he still loved Rosemary and wanted a reconciliation. "Not at this time," said Rosemary, and she made it sound as if what she really meant was never, never, never. But last week, when the two flew into Cincinnati together to visit their five children, they let it be known that they had made up, after all, canceling their California divorce just a few days before it was to have become final.

Good thing the man from restaurant-rating Michelin's wasn't there, or Maxim's might have lost one of its stars. Side by side with wines of France stood an assortment of bottles with exotic labels: Sonoma Pinot Rouge '41 and '43, Cabernet Sauvignon '43, Inglenot Cabernet '45—all California reds. California's Governor **Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown**, in Paris on a European junket, was being honored at a dinner for 20, and the host, the California World Trade Authority's president, **Adolph Schuman**, loyally asked whether the restaurant had any California wines. To Schuman's surprise, **Sommelier Edouard Pommier** produced several dusty bottles from Maxim's "cave." Had Maxim's sagely foreseen the request? No, Owner **Louis Vaudable** had happened to pick up a sampling of California wines, "pour s'amuser," during a trip to the U.S. some years ago. "Of course, we drank the French wine too," reported Brown.

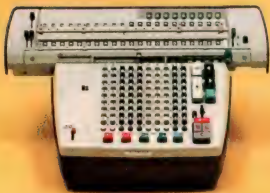
Signed to narrate a CBS-TV documentary marking the 20th anniversary of D-Day, **Dwight D. Eisenhower** revisited scenes of the 1944 invasion. He stopped at his old command post in Portsmouth, England, toured Sainte Mère-Eglise, jumped across desolate

Omaha Beach with CBS Commentator **Walter Cronkite** at his side. It was, said Ike, "an adventure into nostalgia," but at times it seemed more like a misadventure. Surveying the confusion of cameras, cables and cops during one recording session atop **Pointe du Hoc**, the rock escarpment between Omaha and Utah beaches, Ike shook his head and said: "This is not the job for me."

A drama as piquant as many of those performed in the 24 Shubert theaters had a short run in a Manhattan court last week. The antagonists: **Kerttu Shubert**, 48, former chorus girl whom the late Theater Magnate **John Shubert** wed in 1937, and **Nancy Mae Eyerman**, 28, a wealthy Pennsylvania contractor's daughter who became Shubert's mistress on a 1958 cruise, bore him a daughter in 1960, married him in Mexico the next year, then bore him a son. The estimated stake: Shubert's \$600,000 estate, plus a prospective \$15 million from the family theater empire. The outcome: Kerttu was recognized as Shubert's widow and heiress despite his Mexican divorce from her the year before his death, and Nancy Mae was denied the right to use the name Shubert or to claim to have been his wife. The court gave Nancy Mae some balm, however, by granting her children \$12,500 apiece from the estate and—a far more valuable consolation—declaring them legitimate offspring of John Shubert.

The newest member of Italy's National Assembly is better known for his Capri pants than for his politics. Fashion Designer **Emilio Pucci** finished second on the Liberal ticket in last April's parliamentary elections in Florence, got the seat anyway when the front runner died last week. Deputy Pucci, who will doubtless be hearing a lot of talk about the *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left), has an idea for a less political *apertura*—an opening at the top. "In ten years," he predicts, "women will have shed the tops of their bathing suits completely. Perhaps they may take to applying lipstick to their nipples as women did in ancient Egypt."

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MEDICINE

PEDIATRICS

An Infant's Cause of Death: Hyaline Membrane Disease

It was no surprise to the battery of physicians at Otis Air Force Base last week that the baby soon to be baptized Patrick Bouvier Kennedy (see THE NATION) had difficulty drawing his first breath. Like one out of every 15 U.S. babies, this one was premature, and the greater the degree of prematurity, the greater the danger that a baby's lungs will not inflate properly. Patrick also had a second strike on him: the danger of breathing difficulty is still greater for a premature baby delivered by caesarean section.

In most such cases, doctors still do not know the precise cause of the trouble, and they resort to the smokescreen term "idiopathic" respiratory distress. The difficulty probably begins in the womb. At the end of a full-term pregnancy, a woman's hormone balance changes drastically to bring on labor. By a mechanism not yet understood in detail, these same changes, transmitted through the placenta, prepare the baby for the superhuman feat of changing from an aquatic parasite, drawing oxygen from its mother's blood, to an independent air breather. If pregnancy is too short, these hormone triggers work weakly or not at all. The preemie delivered by caesarean has an especially urgent need for efficient lung-clearing reflexes, because the fluid in his lungs at the moment of delivery is almost certain to be contaminated with blood from the operation.

Mysterious Membrane. It is usually possible to tell within an hour after birth whether a preemie (or occasionally a full-term baby) is running into respiratory difficulties. His breathing gets faster and shallower; he may grunt on every exhalation or froth at the lips. In Patrick Kennedy's case, Pediatrician James Drorbaugh saw enough alarming signs to order him rushed, in an Isolette, to Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston.

Ironically, as long as the baby lived, there was no way for even the most expert pediatricians to be sure what was happening in his lungs. They could tell whether the lungs were sufficiently inflated. (They were.) If there was a rattle in the stethoscope, they could be pretty certain of pneumonia. (There was none.) But the most likely and most life-threatening development was one that the doctors could not see and had no way

of detecting for certain in a living patient: the development of a mysterious membrane around the inside walls of the lungs, which makes it impossible for the lung cells to take in enough oxygen from inhaled air and remove the carbon dioxide coming from the blood.

Extra Oxygen. Because the membrane looks glassy, this condition is called hyaline (from the Greek for glassy) membrane disease. But the pathologist who does a post-mortem examination on a baby is the only man who sees the glassy membrane. If the baby pulls through his first three or four days—usually aided by extra oxygen in his Isolette, and sometimes by a forced-breathing tube pushed down his windpipe through a cut in the neck—the membrane presumably disappears. Along with it go the respiratory difficulties. A baby who survives this crisis usually suffers no permanent damage, and develops as well as any other preemie.

In Patrick Kennedy's case, the extra oxygen in his Isolette was not enough. Dr. Drorbaugh called in an imaginative Harvard colleague, Pediatric Surgeon William F. Bernhard, who has pioneered in the use of a hyperbaric (high-pressure) chamber to drench a patient's system with oxygen (TIME, Feb. 15). Developed by the Navy for training submariners and decompressing divers, the

29-ft. by 8-ft. tank has three compartments, can hold as many as seven doctors, nurses and technicians as well as the patient.

With its main door open, the chamber was at normal atmospheric pressure when a nurse picked up Baby Patrick and carried him inside, still in his Isolette. Drs. Drorbaugh and Bernhard went in too. Technicians locked the doors tight and turned on pure oxygen under pressure. Soon the baby and his squad of hovering attendants in an inner compartment were breathing almost pure oxygen at a pressure of three atmospheres. At this pressure, oxygen dissolves more readily into the fluid part of the blood (like carbon dioxide dissolving in water to make soda). The doctors hoped that this extra oxygen would ease the strain on the baby's heart, which was racing madly in an effort to distribute enough oxygen from his inefficient lungs. For a while, the technique seemed to be succeeding. But in the 40th hour of his life, Patrick Kennedy's overtaxed heart stopped.

Physicians were forced to the conclusion that it was the hidden, glassy membrane that had killed the President's son, despite the most resourceful treatment in U.S. medicine's most advanced hyperbaric chamber. Such a membrane is found in at least half of all premies at post-mortem exams—which means it kills more than 25,000 premature babies each year in the U.S.

HOSPITALS

Boom in Emergency Rooms

The biggest boom in U.S. medicine does not involve antibiotics or even contraceptive pills: it is the fast-growing popularity of hospital emergency rooms. Across the country they are flooded with an unprecedented number of patients. Since the end of World War II, the number of emergency-room admissions has jumped 500%, although the number of accident patients—formerly the bulk of all emergency-room cases—has remained stable at about 35 million a year. The U.S. public, says Manhattan's Dr. Robert H. Kennedy, director of a John A. Hartford Foundation study group, is rapidly turning hospital emergency departments into community medical centers.

It is easy enough to explain the startling statistics. In the days when the local G.P. owned one of the few horse-drawn buggies in town, the doctor did most of his business in the patients' home. In an era of sprawling suburbs, when patients and doctors alike travel everywhere in autos, every car is a potential ambulance, ready to rush the victim of a real accident or a simple case of belly-



DOCTORS IN BOSTON HYPERBARIC CHAMBER
In trouble from the first breath until the last.

* From the Greek *idos*, own or peculiar, and *pathos*, disease.

ache to the nearest emergency room.

These days, more and more doctors can afford long weekends and longer vacations; more and more of them are unavailable for late night calls. Even the better-heeled patients soon come to see no social stigma attached to a trip to the emergency room when their own physician cannot be reached. Poorer patients who once took their non-emergency sniffles, coughs and diarrhea to daytime outpatient clinics now tend to wait for evening and treatment in an emergency room. Such a visit usually means no time off from work. Today, says Dr. Kennedy sardonically, an emergency is "anything from which the patient is suffering when he cannot reach his regular doctor."

Separate Entrances. Trouble is, most emergency rooms are not organized to handle their burgeoning business. Many of them are out of date and ill-equipped, even for treating genuine accident cases. Many are understaffed; often enough the intern on duty is a foreign-born doctor whose language difficulties become almost insurmountable for the patient or his overwrought family. And the emergency room's new popularity is likely to cram it with cases of infectious disease—which is hardly to be desired for the accident victim brought in with an open wound. It is an unhappy situation for patients, doctors and hospitals.

Instead of trying to stem the tide, Dr. Kennedy and his study colleagues concluded that the thing to do is to organize emergency care properly to produce good medicine for all concerned. A prototype of what they are looking for is the emergency pavilion opened recently by Manhattan's New York Hospital. There, change from old emergency-room procedures begins at the entrance. To keep patients with open wounds waiting on stretchers away from others with infections, there are now two emergency-room doors—one for routine cases and most adults, one for children (who have most of the fevers). Inside are separate waiting rooms. A child with a broken leg but no fever can be quickly sent to the proper room.

New York's emergency pavilion is almost a complete hospital in miniature. It has full X-ray facilities, its own laboratory, a suite of three operating rooms, a modern plaster room for prompt immobilization of fractures, a room for ear-nose-throat cases and dental emergencies. The only major demand not met on the spot is for "something in the eye": ophthalmic examinations require expensive and delicate equipment that would be uneconomical to duplicate, and patients are sent to the regular eye department on another floor.

Growing Pains. The unit takes care of the traditional run of daytime emergencies. Every patient is seen by a doctor—either a medical or surgical resident—regardless of how minor his complaint may seem. After 4 p.m., when the regular outpatient clinics are closed,

business flourishes. This is when Dr. Kennedy's definition of an emergency is proved true. As night deepens, there are proportionately more problems presented by hypochondriacs, alcoholics and potential suicides. New York Hospital's emergency traffic runs to more than 25,000 patients a year.

A few cities have even more elaborate setups than New York: San Francisco has five emergency hospitals organized into a comprehensive service. But in most places, the emergency service has grown haphazardly and with the expectable growing pains.

So busy are the emergency rooms, many physicians argue bitterly that they represent unfair competition. A physician writing in *Medical Economics* under the pseudonym of Roswell Porter complains that he has to serve three or four mornings a year in his hospital's emergency room. "Doctors on hospital staffs should refuse to be exploited any longer," he says. "We should agree to continue serving only . . . true medical emergencies. Hospitals shouldn't be permitted, under the deception of maintaining an emergency room, to lie, cheat and falsify the truth to compete with private practitioners."

Around the Clock. Fortunately, some hospitals have found a satisfactory compromise. At the Alexandria (Va.) Hospital, where there is no medical school to supply interns or residents to man its emergency room at cut rates, the hospital's regular staff doctors were resolute—though not so disturbed as "Dr. Porter." Led by Dr. James D. Mills Jr., four men on the hospital's staff decided to go on emergency duty fulltime; among them, they now man the room around the clock every day of the year.

Dr. Mills explains in *Medical Economics* that each of the doctors gave up his private practice to work under contract to the hospital. The payment system is complicated, but none of the four has lost any income despite the fact that all of them now enjoy regular hours and scheduled vacations. For the patient, a trip to the emergency room is like the first visit to a private clinic; the doctors might well be the family physicians of a group practice unit. The difference is that in the Alexandria emergency room, each patient is seen and treated only once for each "emergency." If he needs further treatment, he is referred back to his own doctor if he has one, he's paid to find one if he hasn't. For any treatment, the hospital charges \$5 for use of the room, plus a minimum of \$5 for the treatment.

Fees charged, and the intensity of efforts to collect them, vary widely among hospitals. Many, like Alexandria, collect a nominal fee from the city for treating indigent patients. Whatever the system, though, the business in emergency rooms seems certain to continue to boom, and as more and more model units like New York's and Alexandria's are set up, the quality of patient care is sure to improve.

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MODERN LIVING

SOCIETY

A Ford & on Austin

When an apparently splendid marriage goes on the rocks, it sets people to wondering just what brought about the tragedy. All last week, people who knew Anne and Henry Ford—and many of those who didn't—were pondering the chain of events that led the U.S.'s most prominent industrial boss to legal separation—and to what seemed likely to

in to see her now and then. On one occasion, the story went, the two appeared at a top Manhattan restaurant only to be told by the headwaiter that no tables were available. When Henry insisted on being seated, the maître d'hôtel was forced to whisper that Daughter Charlotte was dining inside.

High Taste. No details of the separation agreement were released, but it is rumored that Henry gave Anne their big summer home in Southampton, plus a huge cash settlement.

There was no suggestion of divorce. But at last the papers could break out



CHRISTINA IN NEW YORK



CHRISTINA IN MILAN

There's a friend in her future.

be a European rendezvous with a handsome Italian divorcee named Christina Austin.

The romance between Henry Ford II and Anne McDonnell had been like something out of a woman's magazine. Only more so—since there was so much money around. They met on an ocean liner coming back from Europe in the summer of 1936; a chunky, jolly young man just entering Yale, and a finely drawn blonde beauty from Southampton whose grandfather was Utility Tycoon Thomas E. Murray and whose father maintained a fancy Manhattan apartment.

Corinthian Pillars. The McDonnells were Roman Catholic; as Methodist-born Henry came courting, he decided to adopt their faith. No less a personage than Msgr. (now Bishop) Fulton J. Sheen gave him instructions, and married them in Southampton on July 13, 1940.

Henry and Anne settled into their roles as well-gilded Corinthian pillars of U.S. society, but as time went on, the tension between Henry's extrovert, huggy-bear conviviality and Anne's cool, tight-lipped dignity became more and more obtrusive.

Then began the rumors about a "contessa," said to have a chic New York apartment; Ford reportedly flew

pictures of the *contessa*, who turned out to be no *contessa* at all, but Maria Christina Vittore Austin. Born in Venice 36 years ago of well-to-do parents, she cultivated a taste for international high life, and married and divorced a British naval officer named William Austin, now dead. Christina and Henry Ford met in Paris at a party given by Grace Kelly Rainier in 1960.

Slender, blue-eyed Maria turned up at the office of a Milan newspaperman friend one day last week to see how they were playing the story. He jokingly wrote out a fake headline quoting her as saying: I LOVE HENRY AND I WILL SOON MARRY HIM. "Oh no!" she squealed, laughing delightedly. "That would ruin me!" They agreed to make it: MARIA CHRISTINA DOES NOT DENY FRIENDSHIP WITH HENRY FORD.

THE OFFICE

The 32nd-Story Men

Wanted: Wallets, purses, jewelry, valuables. Please leave them on your desk, in nearby cabinets or other accessible places when you leave your office. We will slip by to pick them up. Thanks for past favors.

Thus did the house organ of one Manhattan firm warn its employees to guard against outbreaks of office thievery,

high-lighting the petty-crime wave that has been plaguing office buildings from coast to coast. It would seem that few targets appear more attractive than a big-city tower of commerce: lots of victims, lots of loot, with floor after anonymous floor piled up like layer cake. Trouble is, a hard-working secretary too often finds her take-home pay going home in somebody else's pocket.

A Clean Haunt. "The women are our biggest problem," complains one Washington, D.C., police inspector. "They will hide their purses under their desks, in typewriter wells and desk drawers. These are the first places a professional office thief looks." A female Washington employee of Air France was robbed twice in one day. Purses, wallets, postage stamps and petty cash are fair game, with office machines and TV sets running a bulky second. Occasionally, of course, the theft is an inside job, though most experts believe that the kleptomaniac junior exec and the light-fingered charwoman (a much-maligned breed) are the exceptions. Guido Mattel, Chicago manager of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, says: "Sneak thieves do a thorough job of hitting downtown office buildings, and we have found that a good 40% of these prowlers are narcotics addicts. Office thievery is the source of their next fix."

Gaining entry presents no problem to the skyscraper sneak. All he has to do is mingle with lunch-hour throngs, or wander through the halls affecting that where-is-the-personnel-department look, until he finds what he is really after. Thieves masquerade as job seekers, repairmen, delivery boys, messengers. And some manage to clean up simply by walking around with a mop.

The Untouchables. In its 21-story Houston headquarters, the Prudential Insurance Co. of America has reduced losses to almost nil by providing a locker with a key for every employee. But that smacks a bit of the gymnasium, Manhattan's Bankers Trust Building has four closed-circuit TV cameras scanning entrances and exits, and the new Pan Am building will soon have 15. Security measures elsewhere include everything from platoons of uniformed guards and plainclothes detectives to hidden still cameras, electric-eye alarm systems, fluorescent dusting powder (guilty fingers glow under fluorescent lamps after dipping into petty cash), identification passes, and stiff regulations about signing in and out during off-hours.

Despite such devices, few culprits are picked up by police. Many firms hesitate to report a theft, perhaps fearful that the thief they catch just may be one of their own. What's more, efficiency experts say that exposing employees to the strain of a perpetual manhunt is bad for morale. There is also the bad publicity to consider. Best advice, then, for the white-collar worker, as well as for his boss down the hall, is: Keep purses in locked drawers, wallets in pockets—and hang onto your hats.



Did you know that the only way a pass-along reader can get her hands on a magazine is for the primary reader to give it up?

The reason we bring this to your attention is this: Roper shows that *Woman's Day* is kept longer, clipped more, and gives its readers more ideas than other women's service magazines. Starch shows that *Woman's Day* has dominated the entire women's service field in ad readership for the past ten years. Isn't that worth pondering? We think it is. It makes us look pretty good.

SOURCES: THE VALUE AND USE OF EDITORIAL CONTENT TO PRIMARY AND PASS-ALONG READERS OF FOUR MAJOR WOMEN'S MAGAZINES, GUDU HOUSEKEEPING, FARMER CIRCLE, MIDALL'S WOMAN'S DAY—ROPER; STARCH CONSUMER AGNORMS REPORTS.

Woman's Day

NY7

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Background scene of the interior of a house in Madrid. (Photo courtesy of the Spanish Tourist Board)

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FLATTERING, FRESH, FOREVER SO

SCIENCE

METEOROLOGY

The Storm Killers

Like a ballerina bereft of her balance, Hurricane Arlene whirled on a curious course through the Atlantic to open the 1963 storm season. Her wild dance subsided to a gale-force pirouette, then suddenly spun back to hurricane size at week's end. Though she finally seemed headed out to sea, Arlene's sisters² may even now be waiting in the wings. But when they begin their destructive spin toward the U.S. East Coast, they will be met by a group of storm-killing scientists who hope to learn how to stop them.

Bombing Esther. After the widespread hurricane havoc of 1954 and 1955, the U.S. Weather Bureau began an intensive program aimed at learning how to slow a hurricane down and make it change course. Observations from airplanes and balloons showed large quantities of supercooled water high above each hurricane's heat chimney—the rising column of moist, warm, low-pressure air near the storm's calm eye. Meteorologists speculated that if this water could be turned to ice, the energy released in the process might change the chimney's pressure enough to calm the raging winds.

In 1961 the Weather Bureau sent a strike force of airplanes on a "bombing" mission aimed at Hurricane Esther's heat chimney. Into the chimney they dropped eight finned, 130 lb. bombs which spewed a cloud of minute silver iodide particles as they fell. The crystals acted like small ice "seeds," and supercooled droplets of water instantly froze around them. Instant icing released the latent heat of fusion, equivalent to the energy of eight 20-kiloton atomic bombs. In one hour, radar showed that a 160° segment of the chimney had been knocked out. Maximum wind speeds dropped by as much as 14% in the seeded sector. But two hours after seeding stopped, Esther had repaired the damage.

Waiting for Beulah. Encouraged by the results, the Weather Bureau last year joined forces with the Navy in Project Stormfury, an experiment to determine if large-scale, continuous seeding could kill a hurricane early in its career. But for all its grand plans, Stormfury's experimental attack is highly restricted by the fear that something may go wrong. In 1947 the Navy seeded a hurricane far out in the Atlantic, then watched in embarrassed amazement as the storm turned abruptly and careened in a devastating swath through Savannah, Ga. Though no one could prove that seeding caused the course change, fear of lawsuits has limited Stormfury

¹ The U.S. Weather Bureau list for 1963 reads: Beulah, Cindy, Debra, Edith, Flora, Ginny, Helena, Irene, Janice, Kristi, Laura, Margo, Nona, Orchid, Portia, Rachel, Sandra, Terese, Verma, Wallis.



HURRICANE-TORN CORPUS CHRISTI, 1919

From the courthouse roof came a cry for revenge.

targets to hurricanes at least 48 hours away from shore—nearly 1,000 miles at the hurricane's average speed of 20 miles per hour. "Bureaucrats are scare-dy-cats," growls one Stormfury scientist. Beyond such limitations, the storm killers want a hurricane that is moving toward the coast and not fluctuating as erratically as Arlene.

Last week Stormfury Project Director Dr. Robert Simpson, 50, eagerly prepared for a shot at Hurricane Beulah—provided she meets all the requirements when she appears. His eleven airplanes and 50 men stood by at Roosevelt Roads Naval Station in Puerto Rico, armed with more than ten times as much silver iodide as was "smoked" into Esther two years ago. Their work will only be a check on the 1961 experiment, not a full-scale attempt to kill a hurricane, but that day is coming. And when it does, Simpson will get a particular pleasure out of the experiment. In 1919, when he was seven years old, a hurricane ripped through his home town of Corpus Christi. As the water rose 16 ft. above street level, he swam to the roof of the courthouse. Perched high and wet over the scene of devastation, he swore revenge. He still intends to get it.

AGRONOMY

Rube Goldberg on the Farm

The mechanization of U.S. agriculture has sent an incredible parade of improbable machines clanking across the nation's farm land. But the combines and cotton pickers that led the assault on traditional farming methods already seem outlived compared to the latest contraptions. On the campus of the University of California's College of Agricultural Engineering at Davis, the wildly inventive center of the farm-machinery revolution, a group of scientists and engineers are turning out automated Rube Goldberg devices fast-

er than farmers can learn how to use them. Among the latest:

► **THE PHRENOLOGICAL LETTUCE PICKER**, which "feels" each lettuce head to determine if it is ripe for harvest. Towed over the lettuce bed at one mile per hour, a 6-in. by 18-in. conveyor belt creeps over each head, pushing it downward in passing. The machine's small, electronic memory box has already been told how stiffly a ripe head should resist deflection. If the black box decides the head feels ripe, it triggers a clutch, which in turn sends a miniature guillotine slashing through the lettuce stalk. In recent tests, the machine lopped off some 4,500 heads an hour—five times more than the nimblest human headsman. Davis engineers are already at work building a pickup machine to follow the cutter.

► **THE "NEEDLE-IN-THE-HAYSTACK" FINDER** was devised to eliminate dangerous bits of baling wire in cattle feed. Davis engineers wrap a coil of copper wire around a standard pneumatic conveyor pipe that carries feed from chopper to storage bin. The wire is energized to set up a magnetic field inside the pipe. When a piece of iron or steel disturbs the field, an electrical pulse triggers a device that closes off the pipe's supply of feed and opens a side slot. Out flies the baling wire, along with a small amount of hay.

► **THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION NUT-CRACKER** gave Davis men quite a bang though it never went into full production. Walnuts were fed one by one into small cups mounted on a revolving drum. The drum turned the nuts against a saw, which nicked a hole in the shell. A tiny squirt of acetylene and oxygen was then shot into the hole. The nut, leaking gas, was dropped through a ring of flaming gas jets. The gas inside the nut exploded, blowing away the shell. "It was a humdinger," says Davis' Dean Roy Bainer. "Shelled 900 nuts an hour, and the meat just as clean as a whistle."

THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Fix or Fiction?

"All I do," said *Saturday Evening Post* Editor Clay Blair Jr. in a recent speech, "is make speeches, deal with libel lawyers and raise hell about the telephone bill." Last week Blair was doing even less. Told by Curtis Publishing Co. President Matthew J. Culligan to quit talking to reporters, he hardly had time to look at the phone bill either. He was worrying about lawyers in an Atlanta courtroom where the *Post* was defending itself against a \$10 million libel suit filed by former University of Georgia Football Coach Wally Butts.

The trouble was touched off last spring when the *Post* published "The Story of a College Football Fix," by Frank Graham Jr., an article alleging that Butts had given information to Alabama Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant to help highly favored Alabama whip a second-rate Georgia team 35-0 in its first game of the 1962 season. In Georgia, where college football commands violent loyalties, such charges were no less than an accusation of treason. Butts raced into court. Right behind him came Bear Bryant, who was already suing the *Post* for \$500,000 because of an earlier article that said he taught brutal football. Bear now wanted \$10 million more for having been accused of participating in a fix.

Not So Simple. When Butts's suit came to trial last week, the *Post* led off, since the defense has the burden of proving truth. First major witness was Atlanta Insurance Salesman George Burnett, who claimed to have been an accidental eavesdropper on a pregame phone call between Butts and Bryant. It was Burnett's notes on what he said he heard that were the basis of the *Post* exposé.

On the stand, Burnett stuck to his story. He had been trying to make another call when he found himself listening to a conversation between the two

coaches. He had heard Butts give Bryant "detailed information about the plays and formations Georgia would use." Georgia's present coach, Johnny Griffith, and his assistants testified next: they claimed that such information would almost surely have been helpful to any opposing coach.

But as testimony and cross-examination ground on, it became clear that the *Post*'s case was not quite that simple. Writer Graham had already admitted that he had turned out the story without ever seeing Burnett's notes. Although the article accused Butts of telling Bryant that the Georgia quarterback tipped off pass plays by the way he placed his feet, Burnett said that he had never heard Butts mention that fact. Coach Griffith added that his quarterback was better than that, anyway.

The more he was questioned by Butts's attorney, former Notre Dame End William Schroder, the more mistakes Griffith remembered from the article. He denied that he had ever used a play called the "88 pop," a maneuver Butts was accused of reporting to Bryant. He denied that his team took a "frightful physical beating" from Alabama, as the *Post* article claimed. He denied ever telling University of Georgia officials that he would resign if Butts stayed on as athletic director. He denied that his players had come to the sidelines during the game and claimed that they had been sold out. Part of the stuff in Burnett's notes, said Coach Griffith, made no sense to him; part seemed to have no relation to the Georgia team; part was true but was no secret to any competent coach. Griffith could hardly have corrected any of those errors before publication. The *Post*, he said, never checked his quotes with him.

Even the article's final lament—"I never had a chance, did I," Coach Johnny Griffith said bitterly . . ."—was pure fiction, Griffith said.

Not on a Technicality. Surprisingly, the defense chose to rest its case without calling any witnesses to attempt to connect Butts with known gamblers, to try to show that he might have been tipping Georgia's hand in order to ensure some bets. There was, said Judge Lewis Morgan, no question that the article was libelous. It would be up to Butts and his lawyer to convince the jury that the *Post* had not proved the story to be true.

"We are not going to rely on the technicality that the *Saturday Evening Post* has the burden of proving the truth," said Attorney Schroder. "We are going to show that Butts did not and could not have done these things." Schroder had got Georgia End Coach Leroy Pearce to admit that after reviewing movies of the game, he could find no evidence that Alabama had taken advantage of the Georgia weaknesses Butts supposedly gave away. Now Schroder called Coach Bryant to the stand.

THE STORY OF A COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIX



"SATURDAY EVENING POST" STORY
If they didn't, they wanted more than money.

A blunt, burly citizen, Bryant made a belligerent witness. "Absolutely not," he snapped in answer to Schroder's question. He and Butts had not rigged the game. "If we did, we ought to go to jail," Bryant admitted that he and Butts had often talked football over the telephone, but he insisted that for the most part they had been discussing changes in the interpretations of Southeast Conference rules. Did Butts give him any information about Georgia strategy? "Absolutely not," said Bryant. "And if he had, the first thing I'd think is that they're not going to use it. He's for Georgia and I'm for Alabama."

Schroder handed the witness some of Burnett's notes. The very first entry referred to "Bear" Bryant. "Butts never called me Bear," said Bear scornfully. "He always called me Paul." As for the notation that Butts had reported Georgia to be "a well-disciplined ball club," Bryant was equally scornful. "If that was said, I think I would be the one that would be saying it." What about Coach Griffith's claims that Burnett's notes contained Georgia's two basic offensive formations, the "slot" and the "pro set"? asked Schroder. Movies of the game, Bryant answered, would show that Alabama had been completely unprepared for the pro set. The slot, he added with the assurance of a man who has scouted his opponent well, is old stuff at Georgia. In a spring game last year, Georgia ran 109 out of 113 plays from the slot.

All through his testimony, Bryant seemed to have a hard time keeping his rising anger in check. For a parting thrust he shouted: "Anybody who had anything to do with this story ought to go to jail. Taking their money is not good enough!"

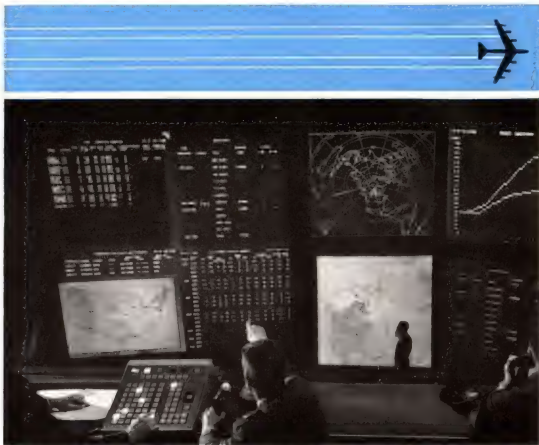
Chalk-Talk Touchdowns. When his turn came, Butts was a far more relaxed witness—but no less emphatic. He



BEAR BRYANT

WALLY BUTTS

"If we did, we ought to go to jail."



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had talked football with his friend Paul Bryant many times, he said. "In fact, I've talked football with every coach I've ever been around." But Butts insisted that he had never given Bryant any dope on Georgia football strategy; he had never given any coach any information before a game, he said. Butts' notes, said Butts, were rife with error. To show why he would never have called the Georgia squad "well disciplined," Coach Butts treated the jury to a chalk-talk explaining how lack of discipline cost Georgia at least three touchdowns as it lost to Alabama.

The case was scheduled to go to the jury this week. The verdict would affect the reputation of two of the South's most famous football coaches and that of a famous old magazine as well.

NEWSPAPERS

Burying the Story

Chicago editors are understandably gun-shy when they have to handle a story of local racial violence. In 1919, a race riot lasting seven days resulted in 38 dead and 537 injured. At least 1,000 Chicagoans were left homeless. And for their sensational treatment of the affair, Chicago's editors earned a large share of the blame for unduly inflaming their town. In 1951, another brace of riots in bordering Cicero again raised headlines to fever pitch, and with the same result: public censure for the papers.

After that, Chicago newspapers began to tone down their stories of local racial incidents. In 1955 the City News Bureau spelled out its own policy, which has been taken over as an informal code by the mass media in the city. The code calls for responsible treatment of stories, brevity, the absence of superlatives or inflammatory adjectives, and warns reporters to avoid use of the word riot. "If riots actually occur," says the code, "we should be in a position that no charge of riot incitement can be placed against us." Radio and TV stations, which tend to make a Hollywood set of many a news story stage, have gone along with the code. They promise to keep their cameras as hidden as possible from scene-sealing rioters.

The Chicago code has worked well, restraining headline-happy editors. Trouble is, the editors have been going it one better. In the most recent racial flare-ups (TIME, Aug. 9), only the most persistent newspaper reader in Chicago could find the brief, terse accounts almost invariably buried deep in his newspaper. During a week of nightly rumbles near the Negro ghetto of Chicago's South Side, 178 arrests were made, and seven policemen were injured. But after the second night of brawling, the morning Sun-Times merely tucked a few paragraphs at the bottom of its obituary page; the Tribune, streaming a Page One banner on integration problems in Chicago schools, buried its own version of the riot under a one-column headline on page four.

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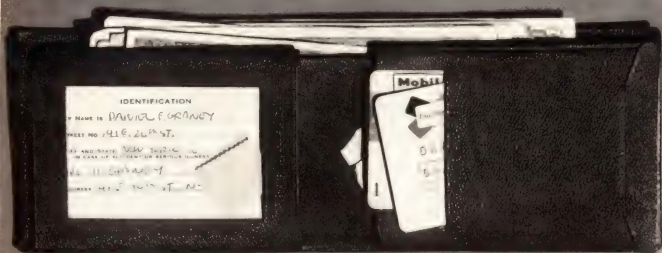
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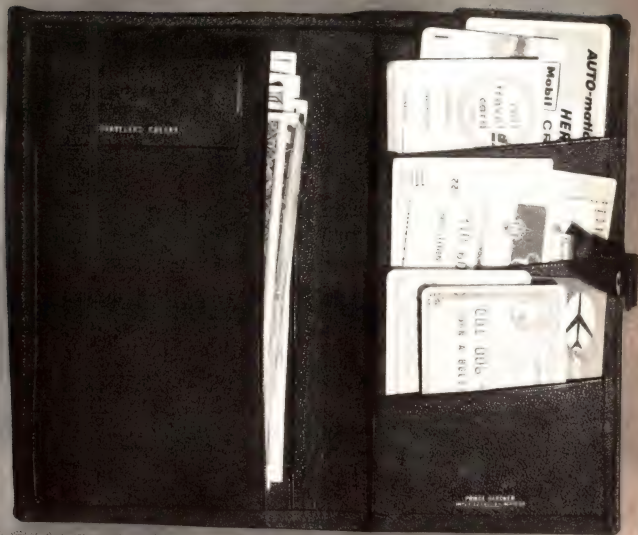
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Turnpike heat mirage—photographed

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MUSIC

OPERA

The Hellish Drive

For days, out-of-state cars had been rolling into Santa Fe, N. Mex. Director John Crosby of the Santa Fe Opera had been preparing for them for three years while he played "the chess game of getting my men into position on the board."

As he worked through the logistical gambits of mounting the U.S. premiere of Alban Berg's atonal, macabre, erotic opera *Lulu*, Crosby collected a powerful king and queen: Conductor Robert Craft, a devotee of Berg, and brilliant and beautiful Coloratura Soprano Joan Carroll, who had sung the leading role 19 times before, yet never in English. But the chess game only began with the big names. Scene shifters had to be taught to handle six sets ranging from a wealthy home to a brothel; dressers had to learn how to zip Joan Carroll in and out of ten costume changes with about a minute for each change.

Spellbinder of Sex. For all the complications, though, Crosby came out ahead. With standees all the way back to the parking lot, the largest audience in the seven-year history of the Santa Fe festival saw all the preparation pay off in a mesmerically compelling performance. Many in the audience were so overwhelmed that they never left their seats at intermission, and those who did refrained from the customary chatty socializing, as if unwilling to break the opera's strange spell.

Lulu is indeed a spellbinder, a powerful, unrelenting tragedy of sex. Berg wrote the opera in the early '30s and shaped his libretto from two plays by

the great German Dramatist Frank Wedekind (1864-1918), who was obsessed by the fury, the brevity and the desolation of the pursuit of sexual pleasure. As Wedekind's translator put it, "he dealt in 'the hellish drive out of which no joy remains alive.'" In both of his plays, *Erdegeist* (Earth-Spirit) and *Die Büchse der Pandora* (Pandora's Box), Wedekind centered this hell in a promiscuous woman, *Lulu*.

Lulu derives from the legendary folklore of the succubus, a female demon who was thought to have intercourse with sleeping men. *Lulu* destroys men wholesale. Early in Act I, *Lulu*'s aging husband surprises her in the arms of an artist and would-be lover (Stanley Kolk), and dies of a heart attack. She marries the artist, but he, in turn, commits suicide when he discovers that *Lulu* is still in love with Schön, an abusive former lover. Schön tries to escape the *Lulu* hex with another woman, but *Lulu* later shoots him to death. And the round of grasping, joyless love goes on. Thoroughly depraved, *Lulu* even becomes involved with her stepson and a lesbian named Countess Geschwitz. Eventually she destroys both of them.

Singer of Assurance. While the first half of the opera focuses on *Lulu* as predator, the second half marks her for prey. Symbolically, she is destroyed by the moral cant of the bourgeois mind, which condemns in others the vices it refuses to acknowledge in itself. *Lulu*'s actual death is horrifying; she is disemboweled by Jack the Ripper in a London garret. At this event, Berg's music erupts in an agonizing holocaust of atonal sound, the musical equivalent of the howl of the blinded Oedipus.

Far from being the sordid shocker it might seem, *Lulu* contains some of the most lyrically tender passages in all of Berg's music. And Joan Carroll has an actress' gift for tactful understatement that keeps the sexy from becoming the squalid. As Joan Carroll says: "Lively is the word for *Lulu*."

DANCE

Frolic in Motion

Abstraction in art seemed to reach some sort of apogee when Kasimir Malevich painted *White on White*. But Paul Taylor, an avant-garde dancer, may have topped that ploy by choreographing stillness: he once fashioned a dance called *Duet* in which a cocktail-party couple stood stock still for four minutes. He has composed dances to the sound of rain, and he has taken a collection of human postures and set them to the chant of the telephone operator: "At the tone the time will be . . ." The whole thing lasted 20 minutes, longer than a good many of the audience.

But few, if any, thought of leaving



DANCERS IN "DOS"
On angry little sandpiper feet.

Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall when the Paul Taylor Dance Company made its debut there last week before a near capacity house. Taylor and his troupe set out to be cozily charming rather than abstractly far-out. The result was atypical Taylor, an airy dance frolic as pleasantly unpretentious as a gambol on the green.

In *Aureole*, the dancers are all in white, stark against a backdrop lighting of limpid Mediterranean blue. Taylor, a blond, blue-eyed matinee idol, looks as if he could double as a circus strongman, and the trio of girls accompanying him are Nereids in semi-diaphanous slips. The dancers move like sails on a summer sea, now lazing, now racing, sometimes capsizing, then righting themselves as they catch each new breeze of improvisation. There is no story line whatever, but the mood is as artless as love.

Piece Period. The troupe's second number, is a tart, witty spoof of people and places, Italian, Spanish, French, English, German. In one of its six segments, *Dos*, an adventure-bent minx, appears in a saucy blue corset with a black lace fringe. She is hounded, and eventually grounded, by twin Mrs. Grundys in black mantillas who shadow her every move on angry little sandpiper feet, then go skittering triumphantly off, presumably to tell the neighbors all about it.

Although he studied with Martha Graham, the *danceur* of modern dance in which story line is endemic, Taylor now leans toward the avant-garde, which argues that dance alone is the proper subject of dance. Its credo: the motion is the meaning. When Taylor takes a few liberties with this dogma, it makes for fine summery fun.



KOLK & CARROLL IN "LULU"

In a round of grasping, joyless love.



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SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

Everyman's Disasters

It is a nice enough coastal town, but, as regards Shakespeare, Connecticut's Stratford is spotty. In the nine years since its founding, Stratford's Festival Theater has followed a practice of putting big names in mediocre productions. Katharine Hepburn in 1960 did nothing to salvage a ragged *Twelfth Night*;



CARNOVSKY AS LEAR
He fainted inside.

Robert Ryan was a disaster in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

This summer Stratford boasts a production that any Shakespeare theater in the world might prize—a good company with a triumphant King Lear, played by Veteran Character Actor Morris Carnovsky. Fact is, Carnovsky's Lear is such a popular and critical triumph that last week Stratford canceled two performances of *Henry V* and one each of *Comedy of Errors* and *Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra* to give Lear a longer run.

Something Superhuman. At 64, Carnovsky has played many of the classic character parts—Shylock, Prospero and Chekhov's Uncle Vanja. But Lear, obviously, is something else again, and Carnovsky says that when the role was offered to him he "fainted inside." The part, he says, "demands almost superhuman strength. The actor must learn to tell the truth."

A standard criticism of *Lear* is that it is insufficiently motivated: Why do the malicious whims of two ungrateful daughters plunge the old man into a frenzy of madness and remorse? Why does his single action—the banishment of Cordelia—cause his universe to crumble about him?

The answer, as interpreted by actors such as Paul Scofield and the late Louis

Cathern, is that the seeds of madness have always lain dormant in Lear, ready at the slightest pretext to sprout. But Carnovsky has a more mordant and, in many ways, a more tragic view. Lear, he contends, is everyman; his disasters are everyman's and the tragedy in Shakespeare's eye "is not in Lear himself, but in life." When Carnovsky's Lear, reeling like a wounded animal, howls forth

*When we are born, we cry
that we are come
To this great stage of fools.*

he speaks not only for himself and for Gloucester but for his audience as well.

Sense of Loss. Nothing that Lear has done or will do can account for the disasters that overtake him or for the death of Cordelia, which Carnovsky finds "so needless it is unbearable." As Carnovsky interprets him, Lear is a man stripped of everything except the strength to protest. His final act, he points out, "is to accuse the gods, to say if you can do this, then life is not worth living. Lear then consents to die." What gives Lear dignity at last is his unflinching involvement in his own destruction. Through him, Carnovsky thinks, Shakespeare was saying "I am part of life, and I affirm."

Although Carnovsky is not a large man (5 ft. 9 in., 165 lbs.), he dominates the stage at Stratford with such extraordinary passion that the rest of the cast seems physically small by comparison. "I grew up with an inherited sense of the tragic, a sense of loss," he says. Whatever sense of tragedy he may have got from his impoverished childhood in St. Louis, he must feel a sense of high achievement in Connecticut. For night after night he sends his Stratford audiences home in tears.

TELEVISION

Out of the Closet

For reasons of realism as well as low costs, Hollywood directors have for years sought their scenery abroad. But television, content to develop its talent for staging the eruption of Vesuvius in a studio closet, has rarely ventured far afield. Next season, viewers will see a brave pioneer bust out of the closet onto the Côte d'Azur and points north. The pioneer: a hammy comedy serial about an American nightclub act in Europe titled *Harry's Girls* (NBC), which is filming 13 of its 26 half-hour shows on the French Riviera.

On hand will be a team of nine Americans, eight Englishmen, 50 Frenchmen and one Spaniard. Some will do the acting; others will handle the cameras as they sweep across the endless strips of white sand and incredibly blue bays. But the producer of *Harry's Girls*, Bill Friedberg, is less interested in the ter-

rain than in the kind of girls he wants for Harry—the mostly bikini-clad, unemployed actresses and models who are found in abundance on the beaches of Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and Monte Carlo. They should make most viewers forget about Harry.

THEATER

A Barb for Broadway

It can be said to her eternal credit that Felicia Lamport was the first person ever to worry about the poor fellow "who felt his old Kraft ebbing." She did this in a volume of light verse titled *Scrap Irony* that is the envy of some of the finest punsters in the language. In the current *Harper's*, Rhymester Lamport, 47, wife of a Harvard law professor, turns her pen to the sick state of the American stage. Excerpts from her Gallagher-and-Shean routine, titled *Mr. Masoch and Count de Sade*:

Oh, Mr. Masoch,
Oh, Mr. Masoch!
*Is there something that disturbs you,
Count de Sade?*
I'm surprised that every play
Whether on or off Broadway
Seems to star us—don't you find it
rather odd?

Oh, Mr. Masoch.
Oh, Mr. Masoch,
It's such bliss to see the audiences cringe
When submerged by Tennessee
In his great Gehenna Sea.
Or genetically ravaged inge by inge.

*Oh, Count de Sade,
Oh, Count de Sade,
How completely demonstratum
erat quod!*
*When alive we were debased,
Now we're both the height of taste.*
Absolution Mr. Masoch?
No, pollution, Count de Sade.



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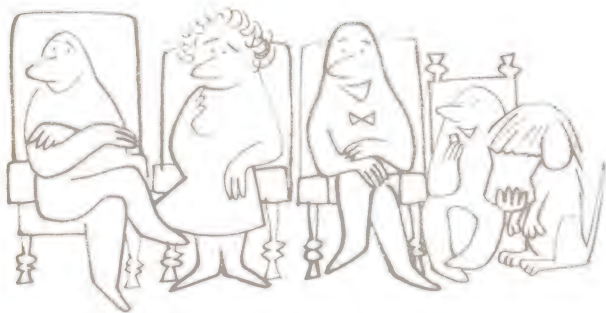
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EDUCATION

TEACHERS

The New Militants

The U.S. teacher used to be afraid to smoke, chew, cuss or ask for a raise. Now he denounces crowded classrooms, upbraids lawmakers, and goes on strike almost as readily as a dockworker. He even demands a say in things that school boards always considered their

cott that supposedly is not a strike but can close schools. Utah was to be the big test: a national sanction against an entire state.

The A.F.T. is still a small, poor organization. Other unions boast lavish headquarters in Hoffa Hacienda style; the A.F.T. makes do with an ancient brownstone in Chicago, where it was born 47 years ago. It gets only \$650,000



TEACHERS MEETING IN UTAH

Money is the measurement.

sole province. Teacher militancy is busting out all over.

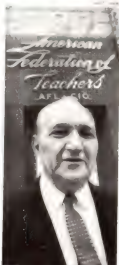
The United Federation of Teachers, bargaining agent for New York City's 43,000 teachers, is currently threatening to strike not only for more pay but also for various kinds of better schooling. The odds are 50-50 that New York's 1,000,000 pupils are about to enjoy the longest summer vacation of their lives. The Utah Education Association, representing 98% of Utah public school teachers, threatened all summer to "withhold services" unless the state legislature boosted all school spending. Last week the teachers gave in, accepting a \$700 raise that had been offered all along, but they left a memorable impression of long-sustained militancy.

A.F.T. v. N.E.A. What makes these two local groups important is their significance to the parent organizations that support them. New York's unionized teachers belong to the 82,000-member American Federation of Teachers. Last year a one-day strike got them a pay raise, and a "victory" this year will make the A.F.T. look more and more like a powerhouse that gets results. Utah's teachers belong to the 858,000-member National Education Association, biggest "professional" organization in the world. In response to teacher militancy, the N.E.A. has devised the "sanction"—a teachers' boy-

scout in dues, and its paid staff totals 25, including President Carl J. Megel, 63, a mild if tough-talking former high school science teacher and athletic coach. A.F.T. has 450 locals, including 32 at college level, but only about 50 are nerved to act like labor unions and clinch collective bargaining agreements.

Union-Made. Nonetheless, the union has doubled its membership since Megel took over in 1952. It does well in industrial areas, notably in the Midwest. It claims 50% of Detroit's classroom teachers and 75% of Chicago's, although neither city yet recognizes it as sole bargaining agent. It is strong in Milwaukee and Gary. But its prize is New York, the nation's biggest school system, where it claims 20,000 teachers and speaks for all the others. To cheer on New York, the union will hold its national convention there next week and shout for collective bargaining.

Unlike the N.E.A., the union has a good civil rights record and takes in only teachers. Nor is it wont to equate teachers with doctors or lawyers as professionals who can pick their clients and set their fees. It sees teachers as overworked employees who deserve "a single salary schedule" starting at \$6,000 and rising to \$14,000—still the millennium in most places. To that end, President Megel steers what he calls "a progressive, dynamic course, aimed at



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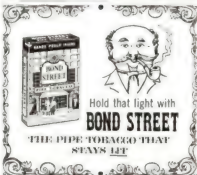


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Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THE FIELD OF EMPLOYEE RECRUITING received a body blow recently when a well-known educator said: "Competition for scientists and engineers has become so keen that industry's job recruiters cannot afford to be honest with the candidates they talk to."

Our initial shock at this startling indictment has turned to reluctant agreement after some recruiting practices we've witnessed recently.

We prefer to believe however that this educator was not referring to all recruiters. We think most soundly run companies recognize a few hard facts about recruiting.

Recruiting today has become a highly specialized form of selling. As in other types of selling, there are those who promise, but can't deliver. Tempting candidates with overstated promises of quick promotions and salary increases, ideal environments, and job security are all common forms of recruiting dishonesty.

Such tactics, when used in selling products or services, will sometimes complete the immediate sale—and lose the long-range customer. It's the same with the candidate who is wooed and won dishonestly. In most cases, disenchantment sets in and eventually he resigns in disgust.

We suppose the company that recruits in a straightforward manner pays a certain penalty in its lower conversion rate from candidate to employee. But we have found that there are at least two benefits that far outweigh the losses.

The obvious gain is that the employee who has been recruited with objective honesty is much less likely to become a dissatisfied or disgruntled employee.

Not so obvious is the fact that the candidate who is less responsive to the blandishments of dishonest recruiting is very likely to be more objective, and very likely more perceptive, than his fellow candidates. And he's the man who will make the most progress for himself and for our company over the years.

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closer affiliation with the A.F.L.-C.I.O." As he sees it, "salary is still the unmistakable measurement of the desirability of a job, whether shoveling coal or teaching in a classroom."

INTEGRATION

What Happens to the Kids?

On his record, Psychiatrist Robert Coles, 33, should be tending bothered Brahmins on Boston's Beacon Street. A graduate of Milton Academy and Harvard (*magna*), Coles got his M.D. at Columbia and trained at proper Boston hospitals, from Children's to McLean to Massachusetts General. He even married a Hallowell—a word that some Boston tots think is part of the Lord's Prayer: "Hallowell be thy name."

Instead, Coles has been off tackling one of the great questions of U.S. edu-



PSYCHIATRIST COLES AT WORK
Youngness is the key to success.

cation: How, in detail, does desegregation affect children? He may now be the nation's leading expert on the subject. As gifted with words as he is with feelings, Coles last week issued an eloquent report under the auspices of the Southern Regional Council and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

Shoring the Strain. In the tense summer of 1961, Coles moved to Atlanta, where ten Negro children were girding themselves to "integrate" four white high schools. Bomb rumors spread; abusive phone calls gave the kids bad dreams. With foundation money, Coles and his wife set up a unique "practice"—fulltime sharing of the kids' trials and triumphs over the next two years.

Every week Coles tape-recorded interviews with each of the Negroes and a dozen of their white classmates, half of them from intensely segregationist families. By 1962, his "patients" included 40 more integrated Negro students and additional whites, plus numerous teachers and parents. Once a month, he similarly interviewed 19 grade-school children in New Orleans includ-




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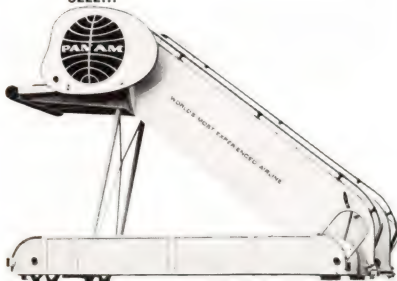
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ing the four Negroes who went through desegregation riots there in 1960. Along the way, he scoured other integration hot spots from Little Rock to Clinton, Tenn.

Paroled to America. Coles found that youngness is the key to successful desegregation. Much as he was moved by one small Negro girl's drawing of herself in New Orleans as "a lonely black-bird, cautiously winging her way toward the school," he observed that the youngest children show the least strain. In New Orleans, white six-year-olds gravely promised their parents to avoid Negro children—and then happily skipped rope with them as soon as they got to school. Equally important, the world of school shut out adult rioters: all they did was create more school spirit. "Frantz School will survive," sang the kids in New Orleans, and it did.

Atlanta's teen-agers had a lot tougher time. Though untouched by violence, they had to unlearn old fears amid "normal" adolescent strains. One Negro boy worriedly studied karate before entering a white school; another dreamed of himself in Little Rock, holding off whites with a machine gun. Yet integration spurred many to sudden pride and progress. Instead of "always watching and peeking around," as one boy put it, "I feel as if I've been let out of jail and into America."

A Horrible Thought. For white students, the experience was equally profound. Some felt actual physical revulsion when near a Negro, "like dirt being rubbed on you." But this emotion was often overruled by the horror that all adolescents feel toward the thought of social ostracism. "I've really changed a lot of my ideas," one white boy said of the Negroes. "You can't help having respect for them, the way they've gone through the year so well."

One white problem was telling "them" so out loud—a battle between guilt and conformity. Perhaps sensing this, one bright white teacher suddenly called on a Negro girl named Martha to state her problems in class. When she did so in no uncertain manner, Coles found whites "relieved by this firmness." At year's end Martha was astonished to find her yearbook filled with glowing words. Sample: "I only hope that you will forgive those of us who have been mean and ugly." And: "Martha, I cannot tell you how much I admire your courage and determination."

A Decade More. Though wary of generalizations, Coles believes that children of both races study as hard as ever in newly integrated schools. Negroes drive to catch up, whites to stay on top or improve. Says Coles: "We have yet to hear a Southern teacher complain of any drop in intellectual or moral climate in a desegregated room or school."

All this, Reporter Coles believes, shows how racial myths can in practice be legislated out of existence to the general improvement of education. The law is still a great teacher.



A robust Daiquiri-on-the-rocks, favorite cocktail of male guests at the Americana Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico. John Stewart photograph.

How to mix a man-sized Daiquiri-on-the-rocks at home with today's dry, light Puerto Rican rum

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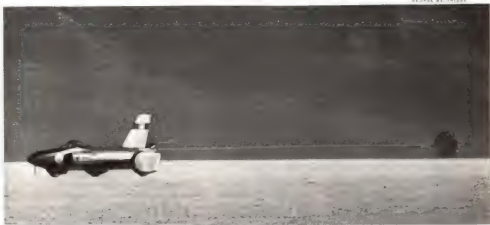
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BREEDLOVE & WIFE



"SPIRIT OF AMERICA" ENDING RECORD RUN
O.K., so maybe it's only the fastest tricycle in history.

AUTO RACING

A Dream of Speed

Across Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats whipped the piercing whine of a J-47 jet engine. Technicians huddled around their electric timers. "Here he comes!" somebody shouted. A strange object that looked like a wingless jet airplane flashed into sight, roared past and disappeared, leaving waves of refracted light dancing in the brilliant desert dawn. Strapped in his cramped cockpit, Craig Breedlove, 26, pressed a button that released two colored parachutes, and the *Spirit of America* skidded to a halt. "All I know," he said, "is that I was moving fast." The timers told how fast: in two runs through Bonneville's measured mile, Breedlove had averaged 407.45 m.p.h.—faster than any man had ever traveled on wheels before.

At What Price? Breaking the world land speed record has been Craig Breedlove's obsession ever since he was a car-struck twelve-year-old in Los Angeles and talked his parents into letting him buy an aged and battered Ford—"not to drive, just to work on." That was in 1949, two years after London Fur Broker John Cobb set a new land speed record, gunning his twin-engined, 2,500-h.p. *Railton Mobil Special* up to 394.196 m.p.h. Over the years, dozens of daredevils have tried to crack Cobb's mark, and few sporting pursuits have been so costly to participants in terms of money and life. The turbine-powered *Bluebird* of Britain's Donald Campbell is, so far, a \$5,000,000 flop. Three years ago, Utah's Athol Graham was killed when his homemade car lost a wheel at better than 300 m.p.h. Last year California's Glenn Leasher drove his jet-powered *Infinity* past the timers at more than 400 m.p.h., but moments later an explosion scattered car and driver over a square mile of Bonneville salt.

Breedlove paid for his dream too. Instead of going to college, he took a vari-

ety of odd jobs (welder, fireman, sports car salesman) that allowed him free time to build fast cars and race them. His first wife divorced him. In 1959 he set to work on *Spirit* in earnest. Before he was through, he quit his job, exhausted his unemployment compensation, was scrambling by on the earnings of his second wife, a waitress in a drive-in (and a car buff like himself). "Four years," he said last week. "Four years of seven days a week, 18 hours a day—no movies, no going out to dinner, no TV, nothing but work."

A well-to-do Mormon bishop bought Breedlove an airplane jet engine. Designers helped him with problems of aerodynamics. He drew up a brochure, built a tiny-scale model of his car, went in search of sponsors. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. donated the special tires he needed, and Shell Oil Co. agreed to pick up the rest of the bill. "He's a remarkable salesman," said one Shell executive. Shell's contribution came to about \$150,000.

In What Book? The painstakingly hand-crafted vehicle that carried Breedlove to his record was a bizarre contraption with three wheels and a tail fin jutting 10 ft. high. The thing was 35 ft. long and 11 ft. wide, weighed three tons. Its single front wheel could be steered only half a degree in either direction. To keep the car from taking off at high speeds, the cigar-shaped body was designed so that the terrific air pressure on the nose would hold it down ("negative lift," engineers call it). A small fin under the nose helped carve a path through the "air wake"—so strong at high speeds that it might otherwise rip the car apart.

At week's end record-book custodians were arguing over what book Breedlove's record belonged in. The *Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile* said no, *Spirit* is not an automobile, because it has only three wheels and none of them is driven directly by the engine. The *Fédération Internationale Motocycliste* said of course *Spirit* is not an au-

tomobile—it is a motorcycle and, *hélas*, a motorcycle that can beat any automobile. Breedlove only shrugged. He was finally going to take a vacation. "If someone breaks my record," he said, "I'll be right back." In the meantime, if *Spirit of America* was only history's fastest tricycle, that was all right with him. It was undeniably, he knew, the fastest something or other.

FISHING

The Budget Marlin

Most of the million visitors who crowd into Ocean City, Md., each summer go there to rest, and for them miniature golf counts as a strenuous sport. But Ocean City also lures a harder type: the sport fisherman. Hotel phone operators spot him easily: he is the fellow who asks to be called at 5 a.m., and again at 5:30, "just to make sure." By 6:30, he has gobbled down breakfast, swallowed a Dramamine pill, and scoured the sleeping town for a six-pack of cold beer. Half an hour later, he is aboard a motorboat, headed for the Jack Spot, a ten-square-mile expanse of shoal water with one simple claim to fame: there, each summer, congregates the densest concentration of white marlin in the world.

Fish Out of Water. Compared with its giant kin, the Atlantic blue marlin and the black marlin, the white seems almost pygmyish. The biggest white marlin ever hoisted weighed 161 lbs., as against rod-and-reel records of 810 lbs. for the blue and 1,560 lbs. for the black. But for fishermen who cannot afford to chase the blues to the Bahamas or the blacks to Panama, the silvery, long-billed white marlin is a mettlesome substitute. Pound for pound, it is one of the sea's most exciting and annoying game fish. Willy and wary, the white marlin will trail a trolling boat for miles, inspecting the bait, even tapping it tentatively with its bill, then turn tail and nonchalantly swim away, with curses raining down over its wake. Or it will

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grab the bait sideways in its jaws, neatly avoiding the hook, then spit it back into the water with what seems a shrug of disgust. Skilled fishermen sometimes try to trick a white marlin onto the hook by "racing" the bait (skipping it swiftly along the surface), then suddenly dropping it backward as the openmouthed fish approaches. Even that tactic often fails. "Ain't nothing in the ocean so hard to outguess as a marlin," says one Ocean City charter-boat captain. "All I've learned in 15 years is never to expect no favors from them."

If it is hard to get a white marlin on the hook, it is even harder to keep it there. An angry white marlin can swim at 60 m.p.h. In its strong, tenacious struggle to throw the hook, it often thrusts out of the water 20 times or more in "tailwalking" jumps and long "greyhounding" leaps, sometimes lunges at the stern of a boat with enough force to impale a careless fisherman on its bill.

Flags on the Rigging. The white marlin's poundage makes it a light-tackle fish by strict fishermanly standards, but charter-boat skippers usually load their reels with 50-lb. test line to give their clients a fighting chance. Even so, the big ones often get away. But there are days when everything goes right, when the marlins gobble every bait in sight, when the Jack Spot boils with leaping fish, and blue and white flags flutter gaily on the rigging of the boats—one flag for each marlin caught.

Once the happy fisherman is ashore and his catch is measured and weighed, other kinds of fish swarm around him. He pays the captain (\$110), throws in a tip (\$10), poses for a photograph with his marlin (52), gets loaded up with certificates and buttons attesting his fortitude and skill (free). Then, while he is weak with pride, a stranger comes up to him, bubbles congratulations and whips out an order pad. "Guess you'll be wanting it mounted," he says.

"Sure," smiles the fisherman. "How much?"

"Well, let's see. Your fish is 6 ft. 7 in. At \$1.50 an inch, that comes to \$118.50." The fisherman's smile fades. "You understand, of course," the stranger says soothingly, "that we can arrange an installment plan."

TRACK & FIELD

The Borrowed Pole

If it had not been for a castoff television aerial, John Pennel, 23, might be a ditchdigger today. He used to dig holes for fun on his father's farm in Tennessee. "I left holes all over the farm," he says. "I don't know why I did it. I just had this urge." Then he found an old roof top TV aerial and, using it as a sort of vaulting pole, began to go up instead of down. One leap led to another, and in 1959 he went to Northeast Louisiana State College on a pole-vaulting scholarship (room, board, tuition, \$20 a month for "laundry").

The next good thing that happened to



VAULTER PENNEL
Until it breaks.

Pennel was that he broke his favorite fiber glass pole during practice last March. At that point, he was an unknown; the highest he had ever vaulted was a middling 15 ft. 9 in. But on March 23, using a seemingly identical fiber glass pole that he borrowed from a rival vaulter (Rice University's Fred Hansen), Pennel soared 16 ft. 3 in. and broke the world record. He is still using that pole. Last week, at the U.S. v. Great Britain track meet in London, Pennel cleared the crossbar at 16 ft. 10½ in., bettering his own most recent world record of 16 ft. 8½ in., set ten days earlier.

A practitioner of the hold-on-for-dear-life, catapult-like technique of vaulting with fiber glass, Pennel used a long, 154-ft. approach "for speed," a high grip on the pole "for a bigger bend." He is aiming now for a 17-ft. vault and a gold medal in the 1964 Olympics. "I don't want to sound overconfident," he says, "but I think 17 ft. is within my reach." One little difficulty may interfere: after last week's meet Pennel noticed a crack in his borrowed pole. "I'm not going to worry," he shrugs. "I'll just keep jumping with it until it breaks."

TENNIS

The Homey Type

The trouble with being a girl athlete is that people often don't really think of her as a girl. Australia's Margaret Smith, however, never encounters that difficulty. She could trounce most of the world's male tennis players, but to anybody's eye she is vividly and unmistakably a girl.

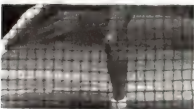
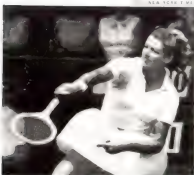
Pretty and auburn-haired, Margaret Smith, 21, is the best woman tennis player in the world. She was the best girl tennis player in Albury, New South Wales (pop. 15,000), when she was only ten, and the "keeper" of the local public court would let her play only against boys. She liked to station herself at the net and casually flick the boys' best shots right back into their

faces. "That's how I got to be a good volleyer," she says.

By the time she was 15, Margaret had already won 60 tennis trophies. One year later, Frank Sedgman, perhaps the best tennis player Australia has ever produced, undertook to coach her through the hard-to-cross gap that separates excellence from greatness. Under Sedgman's coaching, she ran, lifted weights, avoided boy friends. "They don't mix with tennis," she explains. In 1960, at 17, she upset Brazil's Maria Bueno in the finals, became the youngest woman ever to win the Australian championship.

Margaret has been beaten since—but only by herself. "Nerves," the experts called it when she lost to the U.S.'s Billie Jean Moffit at Wimbledon last year, after winning the Australian, French and Italian titles and going undefeated for ten months. Losing at Wimbledon, Margaret says, was "the biggest disappointment of my life. I let a lot of people down." She made up for that defeat by besting Billie Jean in straight sets in this year's Wimbledon final, running out the last game in typical slash-and-smash Smith fashion: two booming sideline forehands, a perfectly placed passing shot in the corner, and a lunging, lashing volley that kicked up a puff of chalk as it kissed the base line and bounded out of reach.

Her rivals backhandedly insist that Margaret Smith is "as strong as the average man." At hearing that Margaret shudders slightly, smiles sweetly, and says: "I'm really a homey type." Last week she certainly seemed in a hurry to get home. At South Orange, N.J., in the finals of the Eastern Grass Court championships, she needed only 24 minutes to wallop the U.S.'s No. 1-ranked Darlene Hard, 6-1, 6-1.



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ART



GIACOMETTIS IN COURTYARD



SERT'S EXTERIOR

Sert on the Riviera

Between courses, in truly Lucullan meals, the diner may be served a bit of sherbet "to refresh the palate." Yet in feasting on art, the viewer usually plunges from room to room, and his retinas, unrefreshed between rich courses, cry for cool relief. Such, at least, seems to be the art-gastronomy theory of José Luis Sert, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design; as the architect of a new museum in the south of France, he solves this and a number of other gallerygoers' problems.

The builder is Paris's Flemish-French Art Dealer Aimé Maeght (pronounced Magg), who had long owned a wooded hilltop a mile from Saint-Paul-de-Vence, on the Côte d'Azur, a perfect site for a museum. He consulted assorted architects, who suggested amusing and cavalier plans for a subterranean museum or one soaring on stilts, but he eventually chose Sert. For consultants he enlisted artists whose works he sells: Braque, Chagall, Miró and Giacometti.

Began in 1959, the museum is now filling up with a heady collection of modern masters: soon there will be a dozen Mirós, Giacomettis by the ton, Chagalls, Kandinskys and Braques—all from Maeght's famous collection. The museum will open next year.

Light is the most vexing problem in any museum. Sert & Co., after long thought, have built quarter-cylinder "traps" that concentrate light the way a radar antenna gathers in radio waves. The effect is to eliminate streaks and reflections. To thwart "artnapping," that ever-popular Riviera crime, alarms flash and doors snap shut like those in a submarine if any art object is touched.

Sert's design uses concrete, native stone and small bricks, and his plan stretches the museum along the irregular curves and rises of the hill. Rooms are devoted to works of different artists, and the sherbet is provided by "reposing spaces" between galleries, where visitors

can "wash their eyes" of Chagall, say, before attacking Kandinsky. For a few minutes' peace, they may gaze into pools filled with rain water caught by gigantic rooftop scoops.

Christians on the Nile

On clay fragments, in papyrus records—the words were everywhere: "Gone." Battered by oppressive taxes and tormented by religious persecution, the Christian Copts (their name comes from an Arab corruption of the Greek word for Egyptian) slipped from the bulging cities of 5th century Egypt into the silent desert, well in advance of the convulsive social earthquakes that rent the New Age from antiquity.

They found new roots in their own experience as farmers, brickmakers and weavers. Monks flocked to new monastic communities from among the common people as the Copts grew further away from the mainstream Christian churches. In succeeding centuries, they developed their own Christian liturgy and a Christian art that eerily foreshadowed the religious paintings, illuminations and tapestries of medieval and Renaissance Europe.

A Paper-Doll Store. Offering a rare opportunity to see this uncommon art, the Villa Hügel—formerly the main Krupp estate in Essen, Germany—has assembled an exhaustive exhibition of Coptic art from private collectors and museums: some 625 works ranging from the Hellenic antecedents, of 3rd century Alexandria, to 20th century examples from Nubia and Ethiopia.

Almost from the start, the Copts rejected the Hellenic way of doing things. Their early life-size statues and full-face portraits are near copies of Greek models, but the cold formality is muted with familiar gestures and folk costumes. As the flight to the desert progressed, their vision became more provincial, and the classicism was discarded. Their sculpture grew smaller and more personal, painting became fragmentary instead of mon-

umental. There is a childlike naïveté in the coy games of god and goddess, the paper-doll stare of a saint, the back-patting of Christ and a monk (see color).

In the stone-fast monasteries, ability to paint and carve figures in lifelike proportion was forgotten, and faces began to take on fixed expressions of wonder, glee and terror. But "primitive" art is often closer to nature than the well-drawn, finely carved academy pieces of "high culture," and despite their lack of textbook accuracy, the Coptic artists were expressing their real concern; they were painting, carving and weaving the material of their daily lives against the Christian vision.

Across the silent ages, these small treasures are the voices of a people both busy and devout: ivory angels carved on a comb, a double lamp in a twin-tailed bronze dove, a polka-dotted leather sandal, a rabbit nibbling round fruit on a woven wool square. Textiles—wall hangings for tombs, shirts and coats for the dead—form perhaps the highest level of Coptic art, and the hot, dry desert climate has preserved some of the best examples: representations of everyday occurrences, proud portrayals of heroic scenes, and obedient evocations of saints and holy acts.

A World Too Fragile. With the triumph of the Arabs in Egypt, the Copts were increasingly harassed and forced into lives of strict self-discipline in order to preserve their communities. Eventually, the pressures ground too fine, and the great tradition decayed as Copts found their world too fragile against the Islamic majority.

By the beginning of the 11th century, only the Nubian and Ethiopian colonies of Coptic culture were intact. The bright colors and striking patterns of the miniature paintings and manuscripts that they now make survive as the Coptic heritage, an art with the same mixture of delight with nature and commitment to religion as those earlier Christians of the Nile.

COPTIC ART: NAIVE FORM, SUBTLE COLOR



KUTUBKA, LONDON - EGYPT



WOODEN ICON of 6th or 7th century, showing Christ and an abbot, was done by encaustic technique, in which colors were applied as hot liquids, then burned into the wooden surface by hot irons.

nique, in which colors were applied as hot liquids, then burned into the wooden surface by hot irons.

OWL-EYED FIGURE on blue cross is miniature from 13th century New Testament written in Amharic, the language of Ethiopia.

TAPESTRY FRAGMENT found in a 5th century tomb shows Daphne giving Apollo a flower in shape of a cross.





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MILESTONES

Born. To Baron Edmond Rothschild, 46, lord of a many-splendored business empire (his personal fortune is estimated at \$500 million); and Nadine Faltier Rothschild, 31, a Paris policeman's daughter whom the baron married on June 26; a son; in Paris.

Marriage Revealed. Paul Gallico, 66, former Manhattan sportswriter turned storyteller (*Mrs. Arris Goes to Paris*), sometime resident of the Alpine principality of Liechtenstein (pop. 15,000 people, 5,000 cows); and Baroness Virginia von Falz-Fein, 36, ex-wife of Liechtenstein's Baron Edward von Falz-Fein; he for the fourth time, she for the second; on July 19, in Monaco.

Died. Estes Kefauver, 60, U.S. Senator from Tennessee. Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1956; of a ruptured heart artery; in Washington (see *THE NATION*).

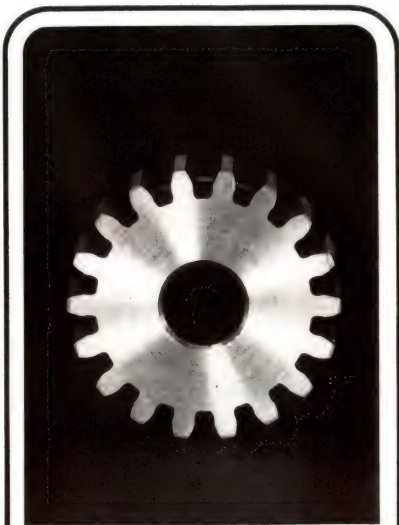
Died. Paul M. Hahn, 68, president of American Tobacco Co. from 1950 until last March, the man who made Pall Mall, the first king-size cigarette, the U.S.'s bestselling smoke (72,100,000,000 cigarettes a year); of a stroke; in Manhattan.

Died. Lina Ruz de Castro, mother of Fidel Castro; in Havana. A onetime maidservant in the household of a prosperous sugar planter, she bore her employer two daughters and three sons, including Fidel and his younger brother Raúl, subsequently married him after his first wife died.

Died. Charles Thomas Fisher, 83, automobile pioneer who, with his six brothers, made "Body by Fisher" a worldwide trademark; after a long illness; in Detroit (see *U.S. BUSINESS*).

Died. Hjalmar Rued Holand, 90, author, archaeologist, lifelong dedicated investigator of the faint and blurry traces of Viking visits to North America before Columbus; of uremia; in Sturgeon Bay, Wisc. Holand was an unknown amateur in his field when, in 1908, he heard that a farmer near Kensington, Minn. had found a stone with hailing inscriptions on it. Holand deciphered the inscriptions, indicating that Vikings had visited the interior of North America in 1362," spent the rest of his life trying to refute critics who thought the markings were fake.

— Holand's translation and interpolations: "Eight Goths and 22 Norwegians on exploration journey from Vinland round about the West. We had camp by [a lake with] two islands one day's journey north from this stone. We were foul and fished one day. After we came home [we] found ten of our men red with blood and dead. AVM [Ave Virgo Maria] save [us] from evil. [We] have ten men by the sea to look after our ships, 14 days' journey from this island. Year 1362."



INDUSTRY

U.S. industry spent an estimated \$37 billion for new plant and equipment last year. Expenditures for research and development—to assure a continuing flow of new products and processes—amounted to \$12 billion. The men who influence these expenditures, and make decisions affecting millions of people, turn to *TIME* for news of the whole world's week. In an independent survey among the presidents of 15,000 medium and large U.S. corporations, these top executives voted *TIME* the most important magazine in the United States today and their own personal favorite. In industry, as in every important field, *TIME* serves the U.S. Leadership Community.

RELIGION

ANGLICANS

Empty Pews, Full Spirit

(See Cover)

Outward, for centuries, flowed the tide of British Empire; back, in hurried decades, it ebbed. On every foreign strand that it touched, the receding tide has left a church uniquely English, yet catholic enough to survive in any climate. It is grand and symbolic that as a typical consequence, there should be in the South Pacific a bishop who follows the ancient Church of England custom by styling himself Norman New Zealand. Empire is gone; the church remains.

This week and next, more than 1,300 bishops, priests, deacons and laymen of the Anglican Communion are gathering in Toronto to measure and discuss the health of their church. They find it in an ironically precarious state, it is prospering almost everywhere except in England.

In worship at St. James' Cathedral and in discussion at the Royal York Hotel and the Maple Leaf Gardens, a primacy of honor during Toronto's Second Anglican Congress* will be

accorded to the purple-cassocked archbishops of Canterbury and York. But delegates from English dioceses will be lost in a sea of faces from Nigeria, Tanganyika, Japan, the U.S. and elsewhere. Today the 18 branches of the Anglican Communion exist in 80 countries—a greater geographical span than that of any major church but Rome's. The world's 42 million Anglicans worship God in 170 languages, from Swahili to Cantonese to Japanese.

"A Godly Sermon." Yet the Anglican Communion is more a byproduct of history than a purposeful propagation. Unlike Methodists or Roman Catholics, the clergy of England's post-Reformation church at first followed the empire around the world not primarily to win the heathen for Christ but to provide spiritual solace for the colonial conquerors. One of the earliest recorded appearances of English ways of worship overseas, in August 1578, was on solitary Baffin Island, where one Master Wolfall "preached a godly sermon, which being ended, he celebrated also a Communion upon the land" for the sole benefit of Explorer Martin Frobisher and his crew. The Anglican chaplains of the East India Company were interested in ministering only to Englishmen abroad; in the 17th century, apparently, just one Hindu was baptized.

By 1700 a wider outlook began to prevail. The church's first official missionary branch, the Society for Propagating the Gospel, was chartered in 1701. In the 19th century, Anglican evangelizing got valuable assistance from the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church. At the first Lambeth conference of Anglican Bishops, in 1867, there were 68 prelates from outside England and Wales. At the next Lambeth conference, in 1968, more than two-thirds of the 350 bishops will represent countries where English is not the mother tongue.

"The church's mission to the world" is the misleadingly bland theme of the Toronto Congress. Evangelism—on the religious, political and cultural frontiers of the world—will not be the delegates' only concern; they will be deeply involved with inner searching and self-criticism. "This is a desperately difficult time for Anglicanism," warns the Rev. Roger Lloyd, a canon of Winchester Cathedral. "The historic definition of Anglicanism needs renewing."

Nondefinition. Redefinition, when and if it is done, will have to come out of what some puzzled outsiders regard

as nondefinition. Anglicans proudly regard their faith as a middle way between the rigidities of Rome and the Reformation, a unique and vital bridge between Protestantism and historical Catholicism. But Lutheran Theologian Einar Molland describes Anglicanism as "the most elastic church in Christendom"—and with some justice. The essential Lutheran faith is contained in the Augsburg Confession of 1530; the Church of England's 39 Articles, far from being an authorized confession of the faith, are mentally rejected in whole or part by nearly every Anglican cleric who "assents" to them when he assumes church office. The Anglican faith encompasses Evangelical missionaries as fundamentalist as any Southern Baptist and such subtle, sophisticated minds as San Francisco's Bishop James A. Pike, who questions the virgin birth and speaks of "demythologizing" the Resurrection.

The late Bishop of Durham, the Rt. Rev. Henley Henson, once acknowledged that "under the description of 'the Anglican Communion,' there are gathered two mutually contradictory conceptions of Christianity." The Anglican Benedictine monks of Nashdom Abbey use the Roman missal and monastic breviary rather than the Book of Common Prayer, and countless Roman Catholic tourists have queued up before the confessionals in Manhattan's St. Mary the Virgin Church only to discover belatedly that they were not in one of Cardinal Spellman's parishes. The ceremony-conscious Anglo-Catholics seem oddly yoked in brotherhood with low-church "Anglo-Baptists," who frown on stained glass and statuary as Biblically forbidden graven images and celebrate austere Communion on plain wooden tables free of candles or crucifix.

Heritage from History. That the Anglican Communion can be both high Catholic and low Protestant is its heritage from history. Despite the break with Rome under Henry VIII, Anglicanism preserved the ecclesiastical government of bishops in the apostolic succession and the central place of corporate liturgical worship. But the Church of England, with the Continental Reformation, accepted the Bible as the final authority for faith, and recognized only two Christ-instituted sacraments, baptism and Holy Eucharist. Yet if churchmen find it hard to describe a specifically Anglican theology, there is no doubting the reality of a modern Anglican theological manner, not the brain-numbing abstractionism of Germany's sages but an urbane lucidity spiced—à la C. S. Lewis—with literate Oxbridge wit.

Two bonds help keep this family of churches together. One is a superb order of worship: the Book of Common Prayer, used in different versions by different Anglican churches but always echoing the symmetry of ritual and the stately, pure English prose of the reformed liturgies composed by Thomas Cranmer for King Edward VI. Cranmer's 1549 Prayer Book has had almost



SUNDAY (AUG. 4) SERVICE IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL
A desperately difficult time.

THE ANGLICAN

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members

COMMUNION

made of 33 provinces, 344 dioceses
with 42,000,000 baptized members



TIME Map by V. Pugh

as great an influence on English prose as the King James Bible, and its stately collects remain one of man's finest efforts to address his Creator reverently. Last Sunday's collect, for example:

"Grant to us, Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will: through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Anglican Communion also has a living link: every church represented at Toronto is in communion with the see founded in A.D. 597 by St. Augustine of Canterbury. After a centuries-long struggle for precedence between the two sees of Canterbury and York, Pope Innocent VI (1352-62) made the Archbishop of Canterbury Primate of All England. The Archbishop of York was granted the lesser title Primate of England; the Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Donald Coggan is the incumbent. Primacy does not make Canterbury head of his church (the Queen is). Yet as first bishop of England, he ranks, in protocol, next to the royal family and ahead of the Prime Minister; as much as anyone, he speaks the mind of the Church of England.

Beyond the Fringe. At first glance, the Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Arthur Michael Ramsey, 100th to govern at Canterbury, may seem like something left out of *Beyond the Fringe*. "He's one continuous anecdote," says a clerical friend. "He looks like a character, and he knows it."

At 58 he is said to be "the world's youngest octogenarian." With his wig-wagging ginger eyebrows, gaired waddle and "rah-rah"—studded speech, Ramsey is a ripe continuation of England's tradition of clerical eccentrics. He is the type of man who finds mud

puddles appearing mysteriously in his path; his bulky purple cassock always seems ever so slightly askew. No one laughs. For warmhearted, avuncular Archbishop Ramsey also exudes the wisdom of a scholar and a deep-rooted faith, and seems every inch what he is in fact if not in name: patriarch of his arm of Christendom.

It is hard now to imagine Ramsey as a student but an archbishop. Yet as a young man at Cambridge's Magdalene College, where his father, a mathematician, was president, Ramsey was an articulate Liberal and toyed with the thought of a political career. He was graduated with a first in theology and a disappointing second in classics—possibly because so much of his energies went into extracurricular affairs. One of them, he told a startled dinner gathering on his U.S. trip last year, was membership in a club "which met once a year for dinner. The high point of the dinner was eating white mice picked up by the tail, dipped in honey, and dropped wiggling down the throat."

After Cambridge, Ramsey entered Cuddesdon College, a theological seminary near Oxford, and began his rapid and seemingly effortless rise to the top rank of the Established Church. He served for two years as a deacon and priest in a Liverpool slum parish before moving on to more gracious livings in Lincoln, Boston, Durham and Cambridge. His first theological writings—*The Gospel and the Catholic Church*, *The Resurrection of Christ*, *The Glory of God and the Transfiguration of Christ*—earned him applause in churchly reviews and a promotion to Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Then 45, he already looked so venerable that his students used to joke about old ladies helping him to cross streets and climb stairs. A High Churchman,

Ramsey was chosen to be Bishop of Durham in 1952; he was well liked by the clergy of this ancient diocese, but one layman who recalls his sermons there admits that "he wasn't always very clear." Ramsey was translated to the archbishopric of York in 1956.

During his placid career, Ramsey had gradually earned a reputation for spirituality as well as theological scholarship. Two years ago, it fell to Harold Macmillan to choose a successor for the retiring Archbishop of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher. Although some Englishmen suspected that Ramsey was picked because he looked the part, the Prime Minister had his mind set on getting a "religious" primate, and Ramsey was his personal choice.

"A Man of God." It was not a universally popular appointment. Low Churchman Fisher himself preferred another man, and one British publisher summed up: "He went to a second-rate public school, got a second at university, was an indifferent Archbishop of York, and therefore he'll make a perfect Canterbury." Today, many of his critics admit that Ramsey has grown into his job, and could well retire as the best-loved Archbishop of Canterbury of the 20th century. Says the provost of one English cathedral: "He's a deeply committed man of God."

In office, Arthur Michael Ramsey has blessedly proved to be not primarily an administrator or church politician but a pastor, a father-in-God whose task is less to change the world now, and more to prepare men's hearts and minds for Christ's coming. Although he reads and absorbs such radical theologians as Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Rudolf Bultmann, he preaches an old-fashioned, timeless spirituality that echoes the language of the Authorized Version. "By sophisticated attempts to



COMMUNION SERVICE AT HOME
Searching for meaningful forms.

be contemporary at all costs," he said once, "we blunt the force that lies in the universal imagery of the Bible: bread, water, light, darkness, wind, fire, rain, hunger, thirst, eat, drink, walk."

Study After Evensong. Ramsey and his wife Joan (they have no children) live weekdays in Lambeth Palace, the archiepiscopal residence in London across the Thames from Parliament. His life at Lambeth is an almost monastic blend of work and prayer. His day begins with private prayer and Holy Communion in the palace chapel (the archbishop, in Eucharistic vestments, is the celebrant on Tuesdays and Thursdays, receives the Host and chalice from the hand of one of his chaplains on other days) and ends after Evensong and dinner with a long night of reading and study. Most of his archiepiscopal work takes the form of correspondence and discussions with the endless stream of visitors he receives in his book-lined study. Every once in a while he pops out to a nearby bookstore, where he is known as the best customer.

The archbishop spends more time at Canterbury than any other primate in recent memory; he makes the 70-mile trip to his cathedral almost every weekend to preside at Sunday Matins and Communion. Ramsey loves to visit country parishes, and often startles passers-by with his opening conversational gambit: "I'm the archbishop. Who are you?" He takes his honors lightly. When a U.S. newspaper photographer last year asked, "Archie, could you look this way, please?", Ramsey equally answered: "The name is Mike."

Ramsey enjoys worldwide renown for his lack of small talk. When Ramsey was subwarden of Lincoln Theological College, recalls Canon Herbert Wadams of Canterbury Cathedral, he had occasion to receive a young man seeking admission to the seminary. Outside, the clock struck 2:45. Silence reigned: awed youth, shy priest. Presently the clock struck 3. At last Ramsey spoke.

"I think you'll find Lincoln a rather quiet place," he said.

In spite of his retiring ways, Ramsey has already made considerable impact on the English Church. Like his predecessor, now Lord Fisher of Lambeth, he is a convinced ecumenist, and serves as one of six co-presidents of the World Council of Churches. Last year he visited Moscow and Istanbul for theological discussions with Orthodox prelates on the prickly question of intercommunion. A close personal friend of Liverpool's Roman Catholic Archbishop John Heenan, who is the odds-on favorite to become the next English cardinal, Ramsey last year became the first Archbishop of Canterbury to lecture at Belgium's Catholic Louvain University. He hopes to visit Pope Paul VI in Rome after the Vatican Council ends.

Greater Liberty. Within the Church of England, Ramsey has chosen to achieve his goals by conciliation and diplomacy rather than blunt attack. Many of his clergy favor a complete separation of church and state. But Ramsey supports antidisestablishmentarianism, although he wants the church to have "greater liberty to order its own affairs." Recently, Parliament passed a Ramsey-inspired measure that frees church courts from final appeal to the Privy Council. He hopes now to get parliamentary approval for a revision of canon law, which was last codified in 1604, and for the right of bishops to experiment with new liturgical services. His long-range goals: selection of bishops by the clergy, rather than by the Crown, and a revised Prayer Book.

Such measures may help the Church of England gird for spiritual battle—and it must. "It's not a question of the Anglican Church's losing ground," says the Rt. Rev. Edward Ralph Wickham, Suffragan Bishop of Middleton. "We've already lost it." Of 27 million Englishmen baptized in the church, only 3,000,000 receive Communion even once a year, and cathedral deans hollowly con-

duct their stately services before a silent few.*

The Church of England in the 18th century has been justly described as "the Tory Party at prayer"; clerics still sigh over the Anglican failure to preach effectively to the city workers of the Industrial Revolution. Now even its impact on members of the Establishment seems minimal. The upright men among England's Top People live morally because a gentleman should do so, and not, so it seems, because the church tells them to. And among the passionate playboys of Mayfair—as the Profumo case suggests—a mention of the ethical teachings of the Church of England would seem an astonishing irrelevancy.

Archbishop Ramsey argues that "there are plenty of people in the country who are determined to go on making a fight for right moral standards, and these recent troubles have stirred us to do it." Many of England's clergymen seem to have a more flexible attitude toward the fight than the archbishop does. Almost every week London's press can headline the words of an Anglican cleric seeking to make his faith "relevant" to modern life, who jovially expresses toleration for homosexuality, divorce or adultery. An Anglican bishop recently suggested that "we stop using the word God at all for a generation." It is perhaps a consequence of such seeming weakness that except for weddings, christenings and burials, even fashionable London churches are almost as empty on Sundays as the 8,000 country churches left over from the Middle Ages.

Bishops & Butterflies. Along with Commonwealth and Crown, the Church of England thus seems to have become a relic of history, unsure of itself and its future. Says Yorkshire Novelist John (Room at the Top) Braine: "The church needs to make up its mind. Its trouble stems from the fact that nobody seems to know exactly what it stands for." The vacillations of modern-minded Anglican theologians and moralists are a prime target of satire—as witness *Punch's* recent capsule description of a fictional "Bishop of Bulwark": "Advanced churchman. Believes the word 'not' to be an interpolation in several commandments. Makes Marxist speeches in Lords. Dislikes being called a Christian. Collects butterflies."

Like Spanish or Italian Catholicism, the Church of England may have been lured into slumber by the comforts of establishment, but it is still nonetheless an ineradicable part of the landscape: England without its "C. of E." is as unthinkable as Rome without a Pope. Seldom as Anglicans attend church

* The once vital Nonconformist churches do no better: during the past 50 years, membership in English Congregationalist churches has declined 50%, and in the Baptist churches 25%. Thanks to Irish immigration, Roman Catholics have increased rapidly since World War II, now number 5,000,000. But Sunday attendance at Mass is depressingly low.

services, they proudly troop through their historic cathedrals and abbeys on vacations and holidays, and the dazzling new cathedral at Coventry is one of the nation's best-attended show places.

Vitality & Concern. A new generation of questioning clergy is now trying to build on this residual national memory. The church may have only 3,000,000 attentive faithful, but, as one observer points out, "they are active in church because they want to be." Many of these laymen want a more decisive role in the government of the church, and take a keen interest in stewardship: private donations to the church have risen 50% in the past decade. Seminary enrollment is currently running ahead of clerical retirements and deaths, and many Anglicans believe that the caliber of new priests is higher too. In part this may be due to the incentive provided by the church commissioners, who through shrewd investments in the stock market* have since 1948 doubled the amount of income available for ministerial salaries, which in some cases have risen from \$1,400 to \$2,800 yearly.

In parish after parish across England, many of these young clergymen are experimenting liturgically with "kitchen Communions" in homes and midmorning family Communions on Sunday followed by parish breakfasts. "I could take you to 30 parishes in this diocese," says one Birmingham priest, "where church is a going concern and people are aware that something is going on."

The search for meaningful forms of worship has gone in company with a search for meaningful faith. A current debate among Anglicans concerns the merits of the radical interpretations of Christian doctrine proposed by theologians known as "the Cambridge group"—principally Alec Vidler, Harry Williams and Hugh Montefiore. One of England's bestsellers of the year (280,000 copies) is Bishop John Robinson's *Honest to God*, which attacks the "religiousness" of Christianity and rejects the idea of God as a transcendent Being somewhere "out there" in space. Rectors who promise a sermon on *Honest to God* can be almost certain that they will have a standing-room-only congregation. "I've been a priest for over 50 years," says Dr. J.W.C. Wand, former Bishop of London, "and never has it been easier to talk theology from the pulpit."

Around the World. Ramsey is not concerned only with the sickness within the Church of England. He heads some scattered missionary outposts overseas, and as chief primate of the communion, keeps close watch on the pulse of all its daughter provinces. Much of the liaison between Canterbury and other churches is handled by the Rt.

Rev. Stephen Bayne, 55, executive officer of the Anglican Communion. A former bishop of Olympia, Wash., Bayne travels more than 150,000 miles a year coordinating everything from missionary work to seminary needs for the churches, says, "There isn't a church that doesn't have a nickel's worth of me." Both Bayne and Ramsey agree that the communion at large seems in good health. Some specifics:

- THE U.S. Oldest and richest of Anglican spiritual daughters, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. (3,344,000 members) still suffers from its public image as an "English church" for the well-to-do. Yet today, argues Father Bruce Ravenel of St. John's Church in Boulder, Colo., "the Episcopal Church is no more the society church than any other." Under its ailing Presiding Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, 63, Episcopalians have one of the best civil rights records of the mainstream Protestant churches, and nearly every U.S. city can claim one or more alert and talented Episcopal slum priest (TIME, April 5). Less creditably, the Protestant Episcopal Church has produced only a handful of good theologians, and still has too many "doughnut-shaped" dioceses, with strength in the suburbs and a gaping hole in the city center. Warns the Rt. Rev. John Hines, Bishop of Texas: "The church's virtues tend to become its vices. It depends

heavily on a well-educated clergy, who in turn require a high standard of living, and thus are fairly immobilized as to the areas they can serve."

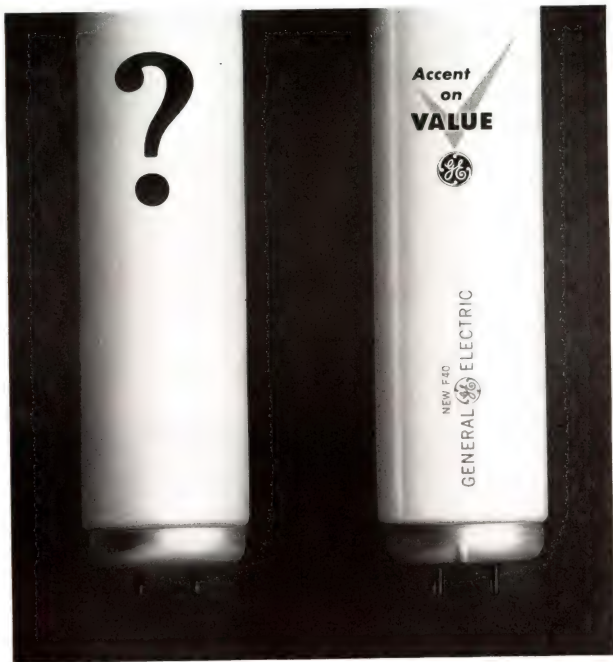
- SOUTH AMERICA, writes the Rev. Howard Johnson in a new one-man survey of the Anglican Communion called *Global Odyssey* (Harper & Row; \$5.95), "is the continent Anglicanism decided to skip." The stiffly Anglo-Catholic West Indian Province (980,000) has few priests but crowded churches, and the Episcopal mission in Haiti boasts a cathedral with walls that are a museum of dazzling folk-art murals. Elsewhere, Anglicanism suffers from the 19th century no-conversion agreements signed by the British government with Roman Catholic regimes. Today there are fewer than 300,000 Anglicans in all of Latin America, and only the feeble, understaffed Episcopal churches of Brazil and Mexico—supported largely by U.S. church funds—have done much in the way of missions.

- AFRICA. Anglican hopes are brightest on the continent where the church's chances of survival might in theory seem slim. The five African provinces of the Anglican Communion coincide with the old limits of the Empire, and thus the church bears the stigma of having been the white man's religion. Nonetheless, the faith has deep roots. In West Africa, 90% of the province's priests are native. In Tanganyika and



DEDICATION IN COVENTRY
And yet an ineradicable part of English landscape.

* When Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. tried to take over Courtaulds, Ltd. in 1961, records showed the church to be second largest shareholder in both corporations. The church currently owns 2,600,000 shares of the British Motor Corp.



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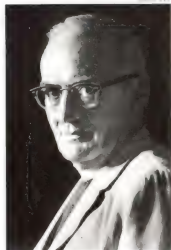


Uganda, missionary liturgists are experimentally incorporating syncretized native drumming and dance forms into the Sunday service of worship. Nowhere has Anglicanism more to boast about than in South Africa, where a generation of Christian statesmen—notably Cape Town's Archbishop Jost de Blank—has spoken out implacably against apartheid. About one-third of the province's communicants are black, and the church is steadily gaining Afrikaaner converts from disillusioned, liberal-minded members of the Reformed Churches.

• **MIDDLE EAST.** The Cambridge-taught Archbishop in Jerusalem, the Most Rev. Angus Campbell MacInnes, governs a 3,500,000-sq.-mi. archdiocese of 150,000 Christian Jordanians, Lebanese, Turks, Iranians, Egyptians, Sudanese and Greeks, and operates one of two seminaries which expressly seek to serve all branches of the communion—St. George's College in Arab Jerusalem. MacInnes' church is in communion with one branch of Christianity involved in an unending project: the xenophobic Arab Evangelical Episcopal Church, which plans to drop 50 psalms from its revised Prayer Book because they mention Israel.

• **ASIA.** In the days of the British raj, Anglicanism made most of its Indian converts from the untouchables, eager to escape the horrors of the Hindu caste system. The church now has extensively Indianized its services—psalms are sung not in modes but in droning Indian *ragas*—but survives largely because of its excellent schools. In Hong Kong, the only free diocese of the captive Chung Hui Sheng Kung Hui (Holy Catholic Church in China) is a classic missionary model of how to do much with little. Sprightly Bishop Ronald Owen Hall has only 55 priests and 25,000 members, but his schools educate 50,000 Hong Kong Chinese, and other churches admit that his relief and welfare services are the colony's most efficient and imaginative. Anglicanism in Japan has a flock of 44,000, and one of the world's best universities to come out of modern missionary work: St. Paul's, in Tokyo. Its mission roots first established by U.S. Episcopalians in 1859, the church has had only a tiny impact on the country—in large measure because Japanese cannot comprehend such Western theological notions as sin. "A sea of good material," mourns one priest, "and yet we can scoop up so little."

• **DOWN UNDER.** Healthy in New Zealand, Anglicanism in Australia is a faith gone limp and slack with too much success. In New Zealand it is by far the nation's largest church, and in Australia it can claim a healthy 33% of a growing population. Yet Australia still looks back to England for its archbishops, and has been sluggish in ministering to postwar waves of non-British immigrants. Now Anglican hegemony is threatened by immigration-led Roman Catholicism. Admits one Aussie



BISHOP BAYNE

A nickel's worth in every diocese.

priest: "We've been lazy, resting on our oars. But the nasty things that will be said about us at Toronto will undoubtedly give us impetus to do more."

River to the Sea. Some doomayers argue that the Anglican Communion is dying. In a sense, nothing would please its leaders more. For by virtue of its doctrinal comprehensiveness, Anglicanism has also been traditionally an exceedingly ecumenical faith—even willing to surrender its own independence for the sake of God's "Coming Great Church." In the pursuit of spiritual brotherhood, many Anglican churches have ironed out some form of intercommunion with a faith outside the fellowship of Canterbury—the Church of England with the Church of Sweden, for example, and U.S. Episcopalians with the Philippine Independent Church.

It may be, argues Bishop Wand, that it is the destiny of Anglicanism to disappear into new forms of Christianity, "just as it is the destiny of a river to merge with the sea." Sixteen years ago, four Anglican dioceses left the communion to join with a number of Protestant groups in the new and lively Church of South India. Other Anglican provinces are considering the possibility of similar united churches in Ceylon, Pakistan and North India, Japan and Australia. In the U.S., Episcopal leaders are continuing to discuss the Blake-Pike proposals for a new superchurch encompassing six major Protestant bodies. The Church of England has before it a plan for reunion with English Methodists.

All such ecumenical exploration has the hearty approval of Michael Ramsey. "No one can even hint at what the timetable for Christian unity will be," he said last week. "But of course I believe it right that all of Christianity should one day be united. And I feel sure that reunion with Rome will one day come, though it is fair to say that both we and Rome will be a good deal changed by then."



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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Mutual Disenchantment

In its ambitious, 22-month investigation of the securities markets, the Securities & Exchange Commission has taken a crack at almost everyone—traders, brokers, specialists, stock exchange officers. Last week it was the turn of the mutual funds, those havens of school-teachers, soldiers and other mostly small investors who want to scramble their nest eggs over scores of stocks.

The number of mutual fund investors (3,000,000) is greater than the adult population of Chicago, and the value of their holdings (\$21 billion in 6,000,000 accounts) exceeds the gross national product of Australia. The typical mu-

buy regular monthly shares over a period of years. The commission, or "load," on mutual fund sales is typically 8.5%, plus a "custodian's fee" of 1% to 3%. What irked the SEC study group is that commissions commonly run to 50% during the first year of the so-called "front-end load" plans, in which more than 1,000,000 small investors have contracted to make monthly payments. For buyers who pull out of the front-end load plans in the first year or two—as about one in three do—much of their investment is soaked up by commissions.

The SEC turned an equally cold eye on mutual fund salesmen. The lure of plumper commissions prompts salesmen to tout the plans with front-end loads above all others. An Investors Planning Corp. salesman who sells a 121-year front-end plan at \$20 a month, for example, collects \$57 in commissions on the first year's payments of \$240; if he sells a \$1,000 one-payment plan, he gets only \$32.50. Most mutual fund salesmen are part-timers who earn less than \$1,000 a year, and many of them are ill-trained recruits who give up the game after less than one year.

The SEC found that some funds deliberately seek salesmen with little or no savvy in the securities business, recruit a large number in the armed forces to sell to buddies or subordinates, and have their salesmen play to the "fear, pride and patriotism" of prospective buyers. One brokerage firm that also specializes in selling training materials for fund salesmen—Kalb, Voorhis & Co.—advises them to use the "accidentally-on-purpose" technique: when filling out a fund contract, write in an astronomically high monthly investment—perhaps \$250—to start the buyer "thinking big."

The insiders of five mutual funds, the SEC discovered, bought certain stocks just before the fund did, or sold them just before the fund unloaded. The five funds mentioned: Lehman Brothers' One William Street Fund, the Chase Fund, Value Line Special Situations, Guardian Mutual Fund and Leon B. Allen Fund. The SEC group wants these practices corrected and, in fact, it wants Congress to consider outlawing all front-end loads.

A Closer Watch. These and other suggested reforms were important but not shattering, and the stock market hardly reacted to the news. Perhaps the most significant request in the final report was for more SEC power to keep closer tab on all the other abuses turned up in its investigations. The SEC's effective Chairman William L. Cary, 52, preaches self-reform in the securities markets rather than Government crackdown, but the SEC found that Wall Street's self-reform has been "uneven" and suggested closer SEC regulation. The special study recommended that Cary & Co. brandish tougher controls

over brokers' commissions, over-the-counter trading and the disciplining of errand brokers, which is now handled privately by the exchanges themselves. The SEC has the power to do most of that already, and what little new legislation it needs is likely to be passed next year. The White House and key Congressmen from both parties have already endorsed the SEC's recommendations.

LABOR

Sabotage in Tampa

Until this summer, hustling Tampa was cornering new industries and jobs at one of the fastest paces in Florida. Last week the palmy west coast metropolis was deep in economic crisis: its small

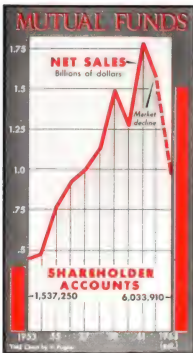
JACK BELCHER—ST. PETERSBURG TIMES



SUPERVISORS REPAIRING DAMAGED LINE
And no wire between company and union.

businessmen moaned about the lack of business, its big stores drew slim responses from their ads, and payrolls were down by at least \$1,000,000 a month. The six counties around Tampa are suffering from a strike against the General Telephone Co. of Florida—a strike with a bitter difference. In a wave of vandalism and sabotage unmatched in Florida's history, the 356,000 telephone subscribers in the area are gradually being cut off from each other and the outside world. As many as 59,000 phones at one time have been knocked out by sabotage, and most of Tampa's service has been affected.

Bad labor-management relations have been brewing ever since 1957, when General Telephone & Electronics, the nation's largest telephone company after



tural fund buyer, reports the SEC, is a high school graduate in his mid-40s, who is married, has two children, and earns \$5,000 to \$10,000.

In the third and last installment of its report, the SEC charged that many such unsophisticated investors are in poor company when they put their trust in certain mutual funds. The SEC's 65 special investigators documented what the industry's leaders have known and tolerated for a long time: fund buyers are often overcharged, fund salesmen are usually undertrained, and fund executives sometimes exploit their inside information for personal profit.

Front-End Loaders. The SEC did not by any means condemn all mutual funds, but centered its fire on the "contractual" funds, in which the investor signs up to

the Bell System, bought up the gentle and folksy Peninsular Telephone Co. The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers complained that General Telephone quickly moved to cut union benefits, dehumanized the company with its cost-slashing efficiencies. Florida's Railroad and Public Utilities Commission recently blamed General for cutting back service, and threatened fines unless it improved. Negotiating a new contract for 3,500 hourly workers this spring, management and labor found themselves far apart. Last month more than 3,000 operators, linemen and installer-repairmen walked out.

Sabotage began almost immediately. Coin box slots were stuffed with chewing gum or wax. Cables were cut or damaged with rifles, shotguns, dynamite and axes; a row of 22 telephone poles was neatly cut down with a power saw. Fortnight ago in St. Petersburg, a dynamite charge under a bridge ripped apart an 1800-wire cable, and last week 9,000 families in Lakeland lost phone service when seven cables were cut. Though supervisory people man telephone equipment and make repairs, sabotage often cuts off service to one area before it can be restored in another. Among the cut lines were those serving fire stations, doctors and MacDill Air Force Base.

Working jointly, sheriffs of the six counties and the FBI are trying to run down the saboteurs, but so far have made only a handful of arrests. General Telephone has offered a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the capture of the vandals; the union has countered with a \$10,000 reward—if they proved to be management hired. Spurred by growing public pressure for a settlement, company and union were crawling only slowly toward the kind of communication necessary to end the dispute.



LOWELL DILLINGHAM

CORPORATIONS

Looking to the Mainland

After 98 years and three guiding generations in Hawaii, the Dillinghams rank as one of Hawaii's most powerful families. They have established themselves as leaders of society and top island boosters, put together a \$150 million business network that includes land, barges, railroads, trucking, buildings, docks and warehouses. But Hawaii no longer offers the opportunities it once did. Its old business families have seen their power gradually slip and more aggressive competitors move in to challenge their economic predominance. Building contracts are fewer, and the real estate market is weak. The Dillingham family has therefore set itself broader sights. Under the direction of third-generation Lowell Dillingham, 53, it is shucking its old parochialism and moving into the main stream of world and U.S. business.

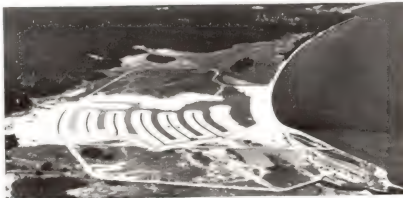
"There is no place in the world we won't go if we see a chance to make money," says Lowell Dillingham. The Dillingham Corp., which Lowell formed in 1961 by putting together 21 of the family-run subsidiaries, is working on an airport in Malaya (\$6,700,000), a harbors project in Indonesia (\$5,000,000), an airport in Saudi Arabia (\$3,400,000), and wharfing and harbor facilities in Singapore (\$4,800,000). It is involved in a \$28 million modernization of Australia's Mount Isa railroad and mines and a \$3,500,000 reclamation project in the Philippines. By no means ready to abandon Hawaii, Dillingham is building a \$15 million apartment building in Waikiki, a \$5,000,000 auditorium and convention center in Honolulu.

As Lowell Dillingham sees it, the real opportunity for his company lies on the U.S. mainland. Largely by trading parts of the Dillingham's huge Hawaii land holdings, Lowell hopes to maneuver into the big-time land business on the mainland. He recently swapped 118 acres of sugar cane for a luxury apartment house in Dallas and 27 acres of Honolulu waterfront for one acre overlooking San Francisco's Union Square.

where the aging Plaza Hotel will be razed for an office building. The corporation intends to build a \$26 million, 43-story office building on the downtown lands of San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank. On the shores of California's Lake Tahoe, the Dillinghams are involved in a joint venture to create 725 acres of man-made waterfront properties for vacation homes.

Broken Leg. The Dillingham empire began when New England-born Benjamin Franklin Dillingham, first officer on a schooner, broke his leg in a fall from a horse while visiting Hawaii in 1865—and watched his ship sail away without him. Making the best of things, he married a missionary's daughter, bought a hardware store and gradually expanded his holdings into lands, crops, herds and a highly profitable railroad. Son Walter expanded the empire further with Hawaiian Dredging and Construction, the cornerstone of the corporation today. The Dillinghams helped build U.S. Pacific airstrips before and during World War II, supervised \$1 billion worth of military construction during the war. As vice president of Hawaiian Dredging after the war, Walter's son Lowell began pushing the company into worldwide work. In 1955 he started taking over direction of the Dillingham interests, and in 1961 became president. His father, now 88 and ailing, remains chairman of the corporation.

Harvard-educated Lowell Dillingham tempers acumen with whimsy. He insists on the color blue for almost everything, including his office telephones, carpets and draperies. He shuns Honolulu society, spends his free time at a 105,000-acre ranch where he raises and hunts game birds. One of his recent tasks has been to prop up the Dillingham image. Earnings have slumped because of a drop in construction contracts. Brother Ben Dillingham, 46, was defeated last fall in a race for the U.S. Senate; and Henry Kaiser, particularly, has been giving the Dillinghams some stiff new island competition. To such challenges Lowell Dillingham brings a remarkable personal tenacity. An amateur horticulturist, he decided to grow quality apples in Hawaii, where only



LAKE TAHOE DEVELOPMENT

Also to Malaya, Indonesia, Australia and Saudi Arabia.



This hunter is no killer.

U.S.S. *Dolphin* is the Navy's newest and deepest-diving experimental submarine, now being built by Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

Dolphin will hunt answers.

As she probes deep among the sea's mysteries, she'll also be testing the latest developments in submarine construction and control.

Her steering-and-diving control system came out of Republic's Hydrospace Division. From control wheel to aircraft-type cable system, it is quieter,

far lighter and even more reliable than today's most advanced sub-control systems. It is also easier to install and maintain, because the whole thing is designed as a unit.

Dolphin's rudders are made of two new plastic materials, reinforced with steel.

They're seven feet tall, two feet thick. Tough, buoyant and non-deforming, even under the most extreme operating pressures.

We designed and built them, too.

REPUBLIC
AVIATION CORPORATION



FRENCH "MYSTÈRE 20" EXECUTIVE JET
Coming through the sky.

mediocre ones have been able to withstand the heat. When the first tree died from the heat, Lowell ordered refrigerated coils and wrapped them around the second young apple tree. It died, too—but Lowell is still pondering other ways.

AVIATION

An Uneasy Crown

One after another, U.S. airlines are ordering jets from European planemakers. Last week it was Pan American, which placed a hefty order for 160 French Dassault ten-passenger Mystère 20s at \$775,000 each. Pan Am plans to sell (and maybe lease) the twin-engine executive jets to corporations and individuals in the U.S. and Canada. The purchase is one more blow to U.S. airframe makers, who are feeling the increasing pressure of aggressive competition from European planemakers.

A Place in Line. American, Braniff and Mohawk airlines recently ordered a total of 31 British Aircraft Corp. BAC One-Eleven short-range jet transports worth \$83.7 million. At the other end of the jet spectrum, among the big long-distance models, Continental Air Lines fortnight ago signed up for three Concorde Mach 2.2 supersonic jet transports being built by a British-French consortium for delivery beginning in 1970. Pan Am has already ordered six Concordes—and TWA seems certain to follow. The orders are a form of insurance by the U.S. airlines to ensure them a place in line for the Concorde, and their down payments will be returned if the Concorde does not meet the promised specifications; but that is little solace for U.S. airframe makers, who are now in high confusion over American plans for an SST.

With double government financing, the British and French have moved along quickly with design work on the Concorde, which is due for its first test flight in 1966. Washington waited until last June before deciding to help underwrite the heavy cost of developing a supersonic, and practically nothing has been done since. No funds have yet been appropriated; even after they are, a long process of initial design competition, proposals and discussions must follow. In fact, there is still a major division over the crucial question of how fast a plane to build. The airframe makers want a Mach 3 jet (2,000 m.p.h.) that

will leapfrog the Mach 2.2 Concorde; National Airlines President Lewis Maytag Jr. and American President C. R. Smith both want slower planes; and Federal Aviation Agency Administrator Naejeb Halaby has not made up his mind.

No Promise. The European frame-makers, who earlier were soundly drubbed in the subsonic long-range jet market by Boeing's 707 and Douglas' DC-8, are now beating Americans at their own game. American Airlines three years ago suggested that it would like a short-range jet. While U.S. airframe companies stalled, British Aircraft, which had the One-Eleven on its drawing boards,—with no promise of an order. Just to please Customer Pan Am, Dassault willingly redesigned its Mystère 20* to make it larger and switched to General Electric turbofan jet engines. If such aggressiveness continues and U.S. framemakers offer no better fight, the U.S. could be toppled from the position of planemaker to the world, which it has held ever since the first DC-3 lumbered down the runway.

AUTOS

The Fabulous Brothers

To a generation of Americans, "Body by Fisher" was an advertising slogan that became a symbol of automobile quality and a phrase so pervasive in the language that *The American Thesaurus of Slang* even lists it as one definition of "a well-formed young woman." All General Motors cars—some 70 million of them, from Chevrolets to Cadillacs (as well as some cars no longer around, such as La Salle and Oakland)—have long borne a little metal plate with the proud phrase on it. The seven stocky brothers who made their name a Detroit legend have faded from most memories; three died, and the other four found the obscurity they preferred. Last week the Fisher dynasty all but drew to a close with the death of Charles Thomas Fisher, 83, the family patriarch and the last of the two brothers who started the Fisher Body Co.*

Following the Fumes. The rise to riches of the Fisher brothers was a Detroit success story second only to

that of Henry Ford. The sons of a Norwalk, Ohio, blacksmith and carriage maker, the Fisher boys learned their trade at their father's forge, followed the gasoline fumes to Detroit as the horseless carriage appeared. Charles joined his older brother Fred in a job at the Wilson Carriage Co. In 1908, the brothers teamed up with an uncle and formed Fisher Body to make auto bodies.

The uncle soon backed out, but Charles and Fred sent for other brothers to join them. The brothers made their biggest contribution to the auto industry by designing the first closed auto body, which turned motoring into an all-year instead of just a summer pastime. After Cadillac became the first to order the closed bodies, in 1910, the brothers rapidly expanded, earning a reputation for honesty and skilled craftsmanship. General Motors, their biggest customer, bought them out in 1926, paying the brothers \$208 million in G.M. stock. They became key G.M. officers, helped to run the firm's new Fisher Body Division.

Gilt Monument. The Fisher fortune grew so large that the brothers were rumored to have dropped a cool \$3 billion in the 1929 crash; it is estimated to be about \$500 million even today. Their influence at G.M. began to decline after Fred and Charles resigned in 1934. Charles concentrated on managing the vast assets of the family investment company, filled his mansion with heavily carved furniture and valuable paintings, and in later years amused himself with a thoroughbred stable in Kentucky. Aside from the millions of bodies still turned out every year by G.M.'s Fisher division, the brothers have left a monument to their success in Detroit's Fisher Building, a 29-story gilt-crested skyscraper. It defiantly dwarfs the General Motors headquarters right across the street.



men and women

look for the symbol which means . . .

absolute certainty in motor car buying



FISHER AD (1929)

When a body meant a body.

* Named to take advantage of the reputation of Dassault's well known military jets.

† Surviving brothers: William, 76; Edward, 72; Alfred, 70.



Forget flats...Forget blowouts!

It's a General Dual 90

General Dual 90s are unmistakably the most advanced tires you can ride on.

Don't worry about blowouts! Nylon cords embrace these great tires like steel cables.

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nent safety. While you keep right on driving. You'll never limp home on half a tire of air.

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Your General Tire Dealer has a set of puncture-sealing Dual 90s reserved for you now. You couldn't do more to make driving fun again than equip your car with them.

Before you wear this great tire out, you'll probably trade your car in.



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WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET

Ruffled Feathers

"One can hardly believe," said a member of the West German government last week, "that such friendly animals, so crisp when fried, could cause so much trouble." He was talking about chickens, and the "chicken war" that is being waged transatlantically between the U.S. and its closest friends in Europe. Disturbed by increased Common Market tariffs that have severely cut its lucrative chicken exports to Europe, the U.S. last week decided to retaliate by raising tariffs on many European goods.

A Test Case. One-third of U.S. agricultural exports (worth \$1.4 billion) go to the Common Market, where—as always when farmers are involved—there are noisy cries for protection. So far, the Common Market works well for industry, but it has never been able to come to agreement on farm prices. The protectionists are determined to raise tariff walls high enough so that Europe will become virtually self-sufficient in agriculture.

Fearing that the increase in chicken tariffs is just the beginning of further hars against U.S. agricultural products, the U.S. has chosen to make it a test case in which to insist on American rights to a place in the Common Market food basket. It has urged the Common Market to rescind the chicken-tariff hike—which has cut U.S. chicken sales by two-thirds since last year. The Eurocrats on the Common Market Commission were willing to compromise, but were blocked by the Council of Ministers, who represent the six individual governments.

In retaliating, the U.S. invoked its right under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), which provides that an offended nation may raise tariffs by an amount equal to any losses

resulting from discriminating tariffs. The U.S. listed for retaliation 19 major items representing \$111,500,000 in annual Common Market exports to the U.S., but it will winnow the list down to cover only \$46 million—the amount by which it claims it has been damaged by the poultry tariffs.

The list includes wine (the biggest import item, about \$22 million worth), brandy, Roquefort cheese and flower bulbs, but it leans heavily on merchandise made in West Germany, the chief market for U.S. chicken exports before the higher tariff. If they are retained on the list, trucks and buses (aimed at Volkswagen), stainless steel netting, electric razors, flat steel wire, scissors and shears will all be slapped with higher tariffs. The U.S. strategy: to show that it means business and to cut sufficiently into export sales of German industrialists so that they will be roused to oppose the powerful German farm lobby, which fought for the higher tariffs on U.S. chickens to protect Germany's own thriving chicken industry.

Chicken Warriors. Washington's chicken warriors hope that the Common Market will take action before they have to put their retaliatory tariffs into effect. There seems scant chance of this, since Common Market officials have not even scheduled a meeting before the Sept. 15 deadline set by the U.S. The irony is that the outburst of transatlantic recriminations has come just when U.S. and Common Market negotiators had begun to make some progress at working out new and sweeping tariff cuts among 50 nations, scheduled to be made at the next meeting of GATT.

BRITAIN

Taking the Big Risks

As the world's best-known insurer, Lloyd's of London manages to thrive on modern risk while paying homage to 275 years of tradition. In Lloyd's five-story London headquarters, where it moved only six years ago, reports of ships lost at sea are still registered with an elegant quill, and attendants are clad in scarlet coat and black collar. Important news is heralded by strokes from an ancient battleship bell—one stroke for bad news, two for good. Last week Lloyd's had some bad news; it suffered one of its worst losses in Britain's great train robbery (see *THE WORLD*). This week, however, it will report some cheerier tidings: annual premium income has risen to a record high of \$983 million.

Noises & Newborn Twins. Lloyd's old-fashioned ways cover a shrewd, practical attitude toward risk taking. Lloyd's prospers by conceiving new forms of insurance, accepting risks that no other insurer would dare, and keeping a wet



LYOYD'S UNDERWRITING ROOM



KHRUSHCHEV

DURANTE

Also Dietrich's legs and Liz's condition.

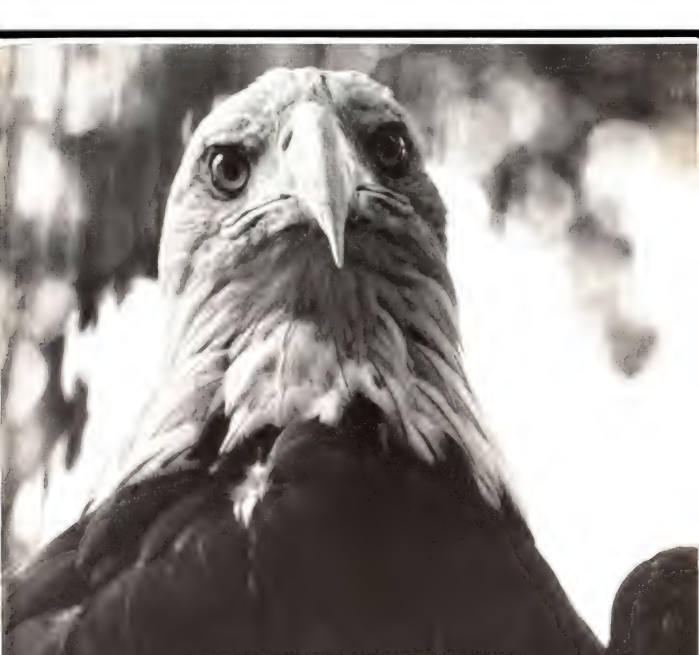
finger in the shifting winds of world business, politics and science. It recently insured the on-time opening of the New York World's Fair next April. In February, Canada's missilemen scrubbed a scheduled launch just before countdown until liability coverage could be placed with Lloyd's—the only insurer that would touch it. "But we exercise our ruthlessness and choose only those risks we feel are insurable," says one Lloyd's underwriter. World War II was partly insurable for Lloyd's, which sold monthly policies against death or dismemberment caused by buzz bombs after calculating the odds at 1,000 to 1. But nuclear war is quite another matter; Lloyd's has added a clause canceling all its maritime policies in event of East-West conflagration "whether there be a declaration of war or not."

Little else daunts Lloyd's. It has covered Durante's nose, Dietrich's legs, Callas' voice and Nikita Khrushchev's safety on his 1959 visit to the U.S. Many fathers of newborn twins have collected from Lloyd's, and 20th Century-Fox recovered \$2,000,000 from Lloyd's when Elizabeth Taylor's illness delayed the filming of *Cleopatra*. Ever alert to a little publicity when the price is right, Lloyd's even covered a Manchester cinema against its patrons' strain, wrench or rupture due to "excessive laughter."

All this is mere jam to the real bread of Lloyd's, which issues one-third of all British insurance (except long-term life) and more than one-half of the world's maritime insurance. It sells some 2,000,000 policies a year in 150 countries and has 1,500 agents stationed the world



"COME ON, DON'T JUST SIT THERE"



VANISHING AMERICAN

The American eagle is a symbol of freedom. Once this noble bird was seen flying almost everywhere. Now he is vanishing. Is the free and independent spirit that he symbolizes vanishing as well?

We believe it isn't.

The spirit that built America and made it strong lives on in the professions, businesses and industries that serve you today—enterprises built and run by free and independent people. Businesses owned by investors—people like you—who still prize their freedom and their individuality.

Yet some other people think that our federal government—rather than individuals—should own certain businesses. Our investor-owned electric light and

power companies are one of their chief targets. These are companies built, run, owned by and employing people who believe in individual effort. And you have helped them grow by your support as a customer.

When you consider what our country has always stood for, can you see why anyone should want our federal government to do any job it doesn't have to do—such as owning and managing the electric light and power business? Isn't it best to leave that to individuals, like you, who believe individual effort is the quality that will always keep our nation strong?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies

... serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation

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Economy Coach
“Very Good”



“ (They offered) special
service to all who
requested it ”

—actual comment from Survey

*Unknown to Continental Airlines
operating personnel, Dun &
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over to follow the movements of every ship at sea, report on pillage or disaster and settle claims. In recent years, the bulk of Lloyd's insurance has shifted from maritime policies toward aviation, accident, fire, burglary and motor insurance. Lloyd's now does half of its business overseas.

Men Only. Lloyd's policies are as modern as the offshore oil towers and methane tankers that it insures, but many of its traditional practices date to 1688, when London merchants began taking freelance flings in insurance from their roughhewn tables in Edward Lloyd's coffeehouse. In the 18th century, with the British government's blessing, Lloyd's insured both the British and Spanish fleets against capture by the other side. Over the years, it acquired a reputation for never failing to pay off—and pay off quickly. Lloyd's settled claims from the San Francisco earthquake for an astounding \$100 million, and settled its *Titanic* claims of nearly \$5,000,000 within two weeks after the sinking.

Not a single company at all but more of an administered market place. Lloyd's consists of 217 firms of brokers who buy coverage for their clients' risks from 280 highly individualistic underwriting syndicates. Tradition restricts membership in Lloyd's to British subjects, and women have yet to be admitted. Administering Lloyd's is an elected committee of twelve, now chaired by J.N.S. Ridgers, a specialist in deep-sea towing risks. The underwriting syndicates embrace 5,316 moneyed members—double the total in 1945—who collectively put up pieces of their personal fortunes and are liable for losses down to their last collar button. Membership is prestigious and highly prized. Among the current insiders are four Cabinet ministers (Hailsham, Maudling, Sandys, Thorneycroft), 52 M.P.s (predominantly Tory), Tycoons Charles Clore and Sir Isaac Wolfson, Actor Kenneth More and five dukes, eight marquesses, 39 earls, 90 knights and 113 baronets.

Back to the Colonies. Members average a handsome 8% return on the money they risk (some underwriting chiefs earn \$140,000 yearly), but changing times have brought them modern-day migraines. British competitors are merging into scrapper combines, international airlines are buzzing about pooling their assets for self-insurance, and nationalistic governments are pressuring their businessmen to place more of their insurance at home.

In the U.S., all states except Illinois and Kentucky impose great restrictions on Lloyd's operations. But there are high hopes for a bill, now being considered in the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, that would permit foreign insurers to operate more freely. In any case, Lloyd's is not really worried about the future. It believes that, year after year, the world is becoming a riskier place.

ASIA

The Mysterious East

Businessmen are now expected to be diplomats too, full of tact and alert to taboos as they jet around the world. In its *FBI Review*, the Federation of British Industries offers some sound advice to businessmen bound for Southeast Asia. Items:

► In Thailand and Laos, it is extremely rude to display the sole of the foot or to sit with legs crossed. "It is wise, physically as well as metaphorically, to keep both feet on the ground."

► Do not talk to a Chinese businessman (the most plentiful business type in Southeast Asia) with hands on hips; he will take it for a sign of anger.

► Thais, and some other Southeast Asians, do not like to be touched. When



U.S. BUSINESSMAN IN HONG KONG
It can help to get a little drunk.

a businessman wants to draw a Thai's attention or emphasize a point, he must never nudge or tap the fellow.

► Despite the heat, a coat and tie should be brought along to almost every business transaction. If the others are not wearing any, the businessman can discard his, but the rest will be disapproving if he guesses wrong and is the only one present without coat or tie.

► At dinner, appreciation is shown by "the fact that you eat well and probably get slightly drunk." Since Chinese dinners run to eight courses, one should never be the first to take food from a new dish or eat much of what is served at meal's end. It indicates that hunger has not been satisfied—and will probably bring on whole new courses.

► Businessmen should not try local customs unless they are sure of themselves. "If you really cannot cope with chopsticks, ask for a spoon and fork."

► Expect to be overcharged, and always check the bill. "Once you start to add, the bill will frequently be removed from your hand for correction." But businessmen should never lose their tempers; that means that the waiter has won the argument, no matter what happens about the check.

Over-the-Counter...

What is it? Where is it? Why is it?

Probably the most confusing and least understood term in the securities business is *over-the-counter*. But its meaning is simple enough. The over-the-counter market is simply a method of buying and selling securities without a centralized market place, usually securities that are not listed on any stock exchange. In the over-the-counter market, securities dealers all over the country do business with one another over a network of telephones instead of meeting in one place and bargaining face to face, as they do on stock-exchange floors.

In fact, only a few thousand securities are listed on the country's stock exchanges and traded there. The stocks of all other publicly-owned companies, from small local companies to large industrial concerns, are traded in the over-the-counter market. That means that the securities of perhaps 40,000 companies are bought and sold on the telephone in over-the-counter transactions.

What kinds of securities are traded over-the-counter? All kinds, including most U. S. Government securities, municipal bonds, most bank and insurance-company stocks, most corporate bonds, many Canadian and foreign securities, and a large number of stocks of utilities and industrial companies of all sizes. Some over-the-counter stocks are those of small, young companies, and it is these stocks, many with attractive growth possibilities, that have given the over-the-counter market much of its glamour. Many companies never apply for listing on an exchange; they stay in the over-the-counter market even when they are well-established. Dun & Bradstreet, Dictaphone Corporation, Time, Inc., and Weyerhaeuser are examples.

How do over-the-counter brokers and dealers keep track of prices, since they have no ticker tape? They are in touch with one another by telephone all day, exchanging information about actively traded issues. And every day the National Quotation Bureau publishes and distributes to dealers printed quotations on some 8,000 securities. Many big-city newspapers also print bid-and-asked

quotations on over-the-counter securities. These quotations, supplied by the National Association of Securities Dealers, do not represent actual transactions but are a guide to the range within which these securities could have been bought or sold at the time of compilation. Merrill Lynch has a separate over-the-counter quote wire for internal use which carries the latest bid-and-asked prices from its Marketing Department in New York to all 152 offices in the system throughout the trading day.

In over-the-counter transactions, a firm may act as either principal or agent in buying and selling securities. When it acts as an agent, it performs the same kind of brokerage function for a customer as it does in handling a transaction on the floor of an exchange. It buys or sells the stock at the best price it can get and charges the customer a commission. When the firm operates as a principal, it buys or sells at a net price, for a profit rather than a commission. If the customer wants to buy, it offers the stock at a net price; if the customer wants to sell, the dealer quotes a net price at which he is willing to buy. In such trades, no commission is involved; the dealer simply quotes a price which generally yields him a profit.

At Merrill Lynch, we have a rule that says that in ordinary transactions with our customers, our charge above the prevailing wholesale price shall approximate what we would have received as a commission on a comparable New York Stock Exchange transaction. Furthermore, we sell on a net-price basis only those stocks on our qualified list, approved by our Research Department. We handle other over-the-counter orders on a commission basis, buying or selling the stock at the best price obtainable and charging the equivalent of a New York Stock Exchange commission.

If you'd like to know more about this biggest of all securities markets, our booklet, "*Over-the-Counter Securities*" should more than fill the bill.

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CINEMA

Surf Boredom

Gidget Goes to Rome. A gidget is very much like a tummy. She is a blonde and nubile teen-ager who is as wholesome as a popsicle and quite innocent of *casi fan tutte*. Only one girl in the whole world may officially style herself Gidget at any given time, and the current incumbent is chirpily brazen, healthily sneaker-shod Cindy Carol, late of North Hollywood High.

One day while idly surfboarding at Malibu, Gidget and her girl friends get to talking about a trip to Rome. But go to Rome without boys? A girl would as soon go dateless to a drive-in. So Gidget gets Moondoggie, her beach-bum boy friend, to line up a couple of blind dates for her chums. Quicker than one can say Alitalia the adolescent sextet is scampering down the Spanish Steps, posing for gag-snapshots in front of St. Peter's, twisting in the Baths of Caracalla. "Pinch me," says Gidget. Someone does, and she knows she is really, truly in the Eternal City.

James Darren, as the exquisitely manicured, coiffed, plucked and dentured Moondoggie, is on his third time out with the hyperthyroid little heroine (previous Gidgets: Sandra Dee, Deborah Walley). He seems doomed to traipse after gidgets until the apotheosis of the theme, which will doubtless be called *Gidget Meets Tummy*.

Beach Party is an anthropological documentary with songs. Robert Cummings, in ambush behind a wind-Schweppes heard, is gathering material for a book on teen-age sex play. Just outside his window at Balboa Beach, the puberty rites and other coming-of-age-in-California shenanigans of a tribe of overripe adolescents are in full cry, and Cummings' telescope and electronic eavesdropping rig provide him with an eye-opening careful.



BEACH BUMS & BUNNIES
Like Seal Rock.

The beach resembles Seal Rock in mating season. Frankie Avalon, with his pack of gold-necklaced surf jockeys, and Annette Funicello, with her bevvy of busty beach bunnies—are in the words of one of their tribal hymns—"just asurfin' all day and swingin' all night." But danger lurks in the dunes: a marauding band of post-Brando wild ones roars up on a midnight raid. Quinquagenarian Cummings, with precious little help from Frankie, sends them yelping off with their motorveles tucked between their legs.

The climax of this primitive business is a custard-pie war in a beatnik beer and poetry parlor. Pie-facing, like prat-falling, seems to be a lost art nowadays, and Avalon desecrates the memory of Deadpan Harry Langdon: he stands there and actually squinches up his eyes before the strawberry cream splatters all over his pretty face. Nonetheless, Annette goes after Frankie, crooning "I was such a fool. To treat him so cruel."

As a study of primitive behavior patterns, *Beach Party* is more unoriginal than aboriginal. In comparison, it makes Gidget's Roman misadventures look like a scene from *Tosca*.

Tickling with a Needle

The Small World of Sammy Lee. Sammy is running. He runs into a Soho strip shop, where as compere and comic he dishes the dirt to the usual dirty old men ("We take you now to the Garden of Allah—in case you'd like to do a bit of planting"). Then he runs off the stage and up to his flat, where he makes a few fast phone calls and moves a shipment of bootleg bellywash. Then he runs back to the skin parlor for the second show ("This old slag takes care of her health—if she's not in bed by eleven, she goes home"). Then he runs down the street to a jobber he knows and sells him a sack of smuggled watches. Then he runs back to the dirty



ANTHONY NEWLEY
Like Shylock.

old men ("The next young lady you will see started out as a fan dancer—but now she has feathered her nest"). Then he runs—

And keeps on running till he's too trotting tired to remember what makes Sammy run. Money, of course, Sammy (Anthony Newley) is chasing the oche and he is chasing it hard, because if he can't catch up with 300 quid before sunset, some very unpleasant people are going to catch up with him—it seems his bookie is disinclined to spiv and let spiv.

Sammy is a remake of *The Merchant of Venice*. Well, not quite. But its come-on is the same as Shakespeare's, and after four centuries the come-on still comes on fairly strong. Britain's Ken Hughes, who directed the picture and wrote its script, keeps *Sammy* running fast and running wild—his film falls flat on its face at the finish but in its maddest moments generates the glorious ungartered go of a Charlie Chase chase. What's more, Cameraman Wolfgang Suschitzky supplies some hilariously horrible glimpses of the crummy comether that passes for Soho-city. And Actor Newley (who can also be seen in Broadway's *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*) is a wickedly sly young comedian who keeps the customers whooping happily—until they realize that he is tickling their ribs with a very long and rather nasty-looking needle.

Sammy, as Newley sees him, is not really a figure of fun. Take him out of Soho, he is any little man in any big city. Like a mechanical rabbit, he runs eternally from an economy that is always catching up with him toward a security that never quite arrives. Unlike a mechanical rabbit, he is terrified. Yet in his terror he finds the nobility to hope. In his terror, as a matter of fact, he finds the unmitigated gall to hope against hope that the people who see him running around in circles will think he is a wheel.

Will you have
what's needed
to send your
children to
college



No matter how young your children are, it's none too soon to be making financial plans for their college days. In fact, it might possibly be a little late even now.

In "Planning for College Costs," a booklet specially prepared for New York Life, Sidney Sulkin, Education Editor of *Changing Times*, the Kiplinger Magazine, points out that higher education expenses will continue to spiral over the years, and he stresses the importance of preparing well in advance.

Not a luxury, but a necessity. "Though the demand for educated workers is expected to increase, the competition for jobs will become more severe, too," writes Mr. Sulkin, underlining the necessity for education beyond high school, as well as the greater salary expectations and

security which college graduates enjoy. Fortunately, however—and despite growing classroom shortage and entrance competition—"any qualified student can find a suitable school to go to," and *will* go if parents plan ahead realistically.

What about scholarships? Perhaps your child will win one of those coveted and highly competitive scholarships—but don't count on it. Besides, most scholarships pay only a part of the total bill. An ambitious young person may also earn some of his or her needed expenses. Even so, more and more financial support will certainly be required in the years ahead.

In a detailed discussion, this authority analyzes various ways of financing a college education: long-term loans, state loan programs, installment loans, per-

sonal savings, stocks, government bonds and life insurance, citing the advantages and faults of each.

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BOOKS

Grace Among the Roaches

THE TENANTS OF MOONBLOOM by Edward Lewis Wallant. 245 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

Edward Lewis Wallant died of a stroke last year at 36, bequeathing a truly horrifying human map of Manhattan's lower depths. His third novel, *The Tenants of Moonbloom*, is a chart of misery in the tenements, and his hero (surely the first of his kind in the long history of fiction) is a rent collector.

Wallant's people are the walking

burden?" Moonbloom responds sourly, as he picks up the other handle: "I share it."

But Norman's trouble is that he shares nothing and therefore is nothing. Each week he knocks on door after door and each opens on scenes where something terrible and unexplained is going on. Bleakly Norman observes, but will not allow himself to become implicated in the lives of the pitiable and terrible people from whom he exacts tribute. He sees them not as people but as "characters" in an anecdote, grotesque figures in a puppet theater.



EAST SIDE TENEMENT

With the unofficial dead in a landscape of hell.

wounded and unofficial dead of the affluent society. They inhabit what is known in officialese as "substandard housing," but they are figures in a landscape of hell. Wallant writes with lyrical affection of falling plaster, the colors of linoleum, the awful caprice of electrical fixtures, and the ebb and flow of cruel plumbing. He sniffs the eternal odors of poverty, sin and despair on stairways, landing and daybed. The flaking walls about his creatures are a barometer of the damp weather in the soul. His theme is the pursuit of grace among the abounding roaches.

Shared Burden. Norman Moonbloom is "New York's most educated rent collector," with degrees from Wisconsin, McGill, Mexico and Bowdoin. His heart, if anywhere, is in his boots as he trudges each week through the Lower East Side and Yorkville to collect rent in cash and to issue promises that something (the toilet, the walls, the fusebox, or whatever) will be fixed. It never is. Heaving at the handle of an ashcan, his aide Graylord, a Negro janitor, asks: "What do you know of the black man's

Giants & Hunchbacks. As rent payers and characters they can be listed as follows: a Chinese-American sexual athlete whose language is that of a manic beastster; a spry 104-year-old Russian giant who sees himself as a Jewish Ahab among cockroaches the size of whales; two jazz musicians who rave like Catskill comedians; Ibsen, a beautiful blonde extortionist of a German concentration camp, haunted, as well she may be, by a prevalence of Jews; a gruesome couple who can make love only when the bearded lady has been reduced to tears; a language teacher obsessed by the purity of Italian vowels and his own intestinal tract; a hunchbacked retoucher of photographs who has emptied his apartment and life of anything that might cause disorder; a loud lumberjacketed poetry-spouting type who spends his days off from teaching school bullying his bewildered son into games of touch football; a retired pharmacist and his tart daughter whom he treats like Shirley Temple; a madly eloquent candy butcher on the New Haven line "whose sounds of humor are cumulatively a

dirge"; and a colored novelist, "sick of Niggerdom," who is trying to write himself out of the "United States of Some Americans" and who defiantly calls himself "just a wholesome American faggot" symbolically castrated by "the South."

All these are cartoons, but cartoons done with the vivid life of a master who has scrawled a sketch on the back of a menu. Wallant has been praised halfheartedly for his "realism," but his vision of life under the skirts of the skyscrapers is realistic only in the sense of an anatomical chart cut away to show the moving parts. His people wear their lives on their sleeves.

No one since Nathaniel West has written better of the rootlessness of metropolitan life. West is a writer whom Wallant resembles not only in his untimely death after early brilliant promise, but for his special Jewish sensibility and the profound moral concern beneath the cynical surface glitter of the words. Wallant had what he calls "the ear of the eye"; his creatures speak in a hundred voices, each one peculiarly appropriate to his character.

Close to Faith. Wallant's novel becomes a story only when his hero Moonbloom becomes involved in the spectacle, and the rent collector pays his own dues to humanity. From being a "circumcised Uriah Heep," as one of his tenants sees him, or as another sees him, "a man who could watch a murder committed and just smile a goofy little dirt-eating smile," he becomes a tragic actor in a theater of farce. He makes love for the first time (with the false Shirley Temple type), he weeps at a funeral, he comforts a frustrated suicide. In a burst of manic moral energy, the rent collector begins to spend all his time painting, rewiring and replumbing his houses of despair.

As Moonbloom leaves his false vocation as rent collector, he utters his faith—"Love, Courage and Delusion." It is close enough to Faith, Hope and Charity to be true, and not a bad legacy for a great talent like Wallant's to leave the world.

Three Miles from a Bad Word

THE LAND OF RUMBELOW by Carlos Baker. 370 pages. Scribner. \$4.95.

It is now considered slightly gauche to put four epigraphs on your title page, and Carlos Baker, a Princeton University professor and literary critic who has been smart for a long time, tastefully begins his book with only two quotations, neither from Kierkegaard. But there are subtler sorts of title-page-manship, and Baker uses one of the most telling; the subtitle, or direction for use, of *The Land of RumbeLOW* is *A Fable in the Form of a Novel*. Baker means to put the reader on notice that the events he describes are not to be taken only for themselves; they illustrate Truth.

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It is forgivable, if redundant, to call one's novel a fable if it is in some way fabulous. But Baker's book is merely unendingly pretentious. Its action scenes are written in grunting prose that is supposed to be tough but instead is only sweaty, and its large passages are flaccid with maudering soliloquies of the hero, a professor of literature who is awakening gummy-eyed from a dark night of the soul. Baker never writes a noun without leashing a seeing-eye adjective to it, never overlooks a cliché, never fails to labor an image ("The windshield wiper describing its captive arc back and forth, back and forth, like that descending knife in the story of the pit and the pendulum").

According to an old British morality play, Rumbelow is a mythical town three miles from hell. For Professor Dan Sherwood, on the run from memory and conscience (a dead wife, a betrayed friend), Rumbelow is Tucson, Ariz. He is stranded there by chance, beamed by a hitchhiker who represents Evil the way Molotov used to represent Russia. Dan is led from what Baker calls the excremental view of life to the sacramental view by the healing Arizona sun, long quiet talks and the love of a good woman. A fair example of the long quiet talks follows. Dan is yacking about Evil: "It opens up under us like earthquake cracks in the ground. Like toads out of the drains. It stinks to Hell. 'You got it bad, Dan,' Lee said quietly. 'How about another beer?'"

After dialogue like that Mike Hammer might go off and shoot a blonde, but Baker's hero just keeps on talking.

History on a Wide Screen

THE RISE OF THE WEST by William H. McNeill. 829 pages. University of Chicago Press. \$12.50.

In 101 B.C. soldiers of China's Han dynasty, pushing west, garrisoned the Gerghana oasis in what is now Iran. The consequences were silk and pestilence: merchants for the first time had a protected land route to carry their goods—and their ills—between China and the Midwestern Parthian empire (with the Roman dominions beyond). The opening of the silk road effected what Historian William McNeill calls the "closure of the ecumene"—his term for the great community of civilization, thus linked together across the land mass of Eurasia from extreme East to farthest West. From that time or even earlier, there have been no entirely independent civilizations.^{*}

Instead, for more than 1,500 years, a strife-ridden but never-quite-failing balance was maintained among China, India, the Roman-European West, and—at the pivot point—the Middle East. All four had cultural traditions of their

* Excepting the American beginnings made by the Mayans and Incas, where cultural contact with Eurasia, across the Pacific, was early and slight.



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own; but technologies, crops, philosophies, military methods and art forms were traded back and forth, along with epidemic disease. Invasions of horse-riding nomads from the steppes were another recurring plague; but even the greatest barbarian onslaught, the Mongol explosion of the 13th century, was finally fought off or absorbed.

Remarkable Synthesis. Eventually, the balance was upset. Beginning about A.D. 1500, Western Europe exploited a radically improved seafaring technology to become the new pivot point and center of civilization. In the process, McNeill sees the original Eurasian ecumene absorbed and replaced by a new globe-girdling and all-embracing community of civilization. And with the rise of the West, modern times begin.

These, in brutal brevity, are the organizing ideas of a remarkable new synthesis of world history from 6000 B.C. to the present day. And the stress is on "world," for Author McNeill, chairman of the history department at the University of Chicago, comes amazingly close to getting it all in. He makes the politics of China or the religious maelstroms of India as clear and relevant as the French Revolution or any more standard topic; and he bites down hard on the grit of factual detail with repeated appeals to archaeology, economics, demography, linguistics, engineering, art history.

Cultural Interaction. McNeill's title would appear to give the lie direct to Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. His book indeed emerges, though he nowhere claims such a purpose, as an arresting alternative to the speculations and systems of Arnold Toynbee, too. Here are no gloomy metaphysics about the soul of a culture or its organic life cycle, no simplistic tabulations of 21 separate civilizations mechanically rising and then running down in helpless isolation from one another.

In McNeill's view, "Western civili-



HISTORIAN McNEILL
How it came about.

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from
New York
to
London
or
Bombay



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of
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know
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to
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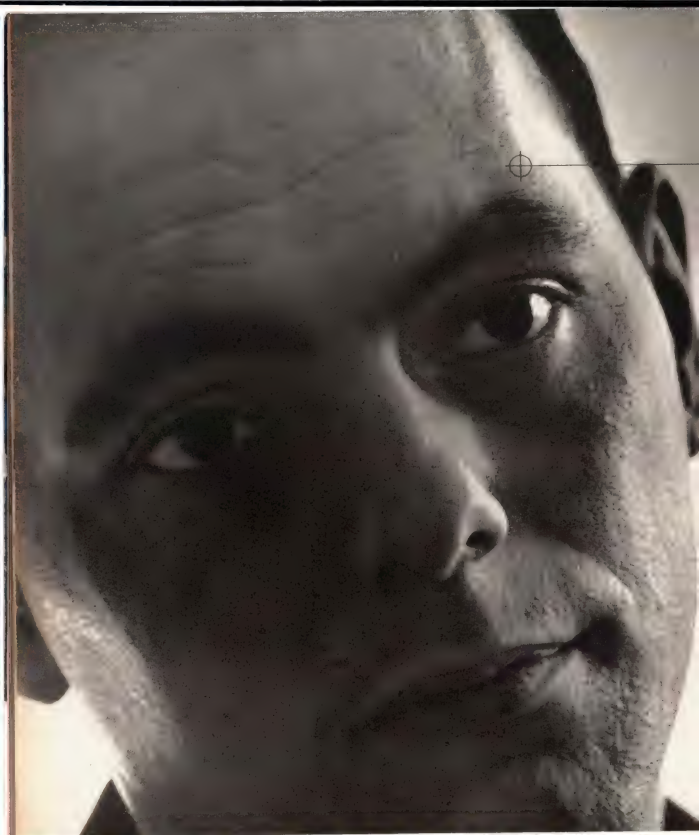
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zation" has become the leadership of world civilization. The emergent Asian and African peoples do not challenge Western civilization as such, even as they throw off the yoke of European rule. In fact, these peoples are developing in almost exact ratio to their adoption of Western techniques, attitudes and ideas. Thus they are not threats but enhancements of Western civilization. In plain, unflappable prose, McNeill gives a wide-screen vision of the world-wide cultural interactions that have moved and continue to move mankind.

Gob's War

PACIFIC WAR DIARY, 1942-1945 by James J. Fahey. 404 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.50.

It must have been an officer who said that war is 5% sheer fright and 95% boredom. An enlisted man knows better. To the ordinary gob of the U.S. Navy, World War II was 90% boredom, 9% infuriating trivia, and only about 1% was composed of that combination of terror and exhilaration in which battles are decided. Surprisingly little of this has come through previous accounts of what life—and death—was like for the anonymous masses of men jammed into the seagoing ovens plying the Pacific, largely because most World War II books have been written by admirals and reporters.

James J. Fahey, a New York City orphan raised by relatives in Waltham, Mass., was the most law-abiding of gobs in all respects but one: he kept a diary. He wrote it surreptitiously, on scraps of paper, in odd and usually half-dark places when he hoped nobody was looking at him.

Nobody could have known less about the Navy than did Fahey when he enlisted in 1942 at the age of 24. He was even surprised by the haircuts that all boots get—the nearest thing to sculpting. "They even asked us our religion," wrote Roman Catholic Fahey a bit querulously, not realizing—as he did a hundred pages and 100,000 miles later—how important this could be when a man must be prepared to meet his Maker. Nobody could have been more naive than Fahey. "It is an honor to be on the flagship," he opined when he was assigned to the light cruiser *Montpelier* though veteran seamen knew enough to shun it. He childishly equated a raid up the Slot in the Solomon Islands by *Montpelier's* task force with a sortie up the Hudson to bombard New York.

Few men could have been worse writers than Fahey when he began his diary, and he improved but little in three years. Sentences are tortured into the passive voice until the reader is benumbed. The clichés that come to him

No kin and not to be confused with James C. Fahey, compiler of *Ships and Aircraft of the U.S. Fleet*, a data-packed softback that has sold over half a million copies.

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DIARIST FAHEY
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naturally are as bad as the Navyese into which he gradually slips. He is maddeningly repetitious. His words are like the war itself—just one damn thing after the other.

Because of, and not in spite of these things, *Pacific War Diary* is a fine and valuable book. Nobody can read Fahey's endless and well-documented complaints about how little sleep he got without wondering how men could survive that way for months on end. Half-starved, sleepless, alternately boiled, roasted and half-drowned in tropic downpours, James Fahey, Seaman First Class, and 1,300 shipmates fought through from the Solomons to the surrender of Japan. *Montpelier's* guns blasted away furiously in a dozen Solomons engagements; Fahey complained of the noise in his ears. After the decisive battles off Saipan and in the Philippine Sea: "We played checkers on watch. I slept topside as usual." Watching the recapture of Corregidor: "It took approximately 15 seconds for the parachutists to hit land. A few of the chutes failed to open." Of a bomb hit on *Montpelier* herself: "More casualties, all wounded. One of the fellows almost had his head taken off."

At war's end Fahey put his diary in a trunk and went to work in Waltham's sanitation department. Not until 1960 did he read a paperback reprint of *Admiral Halsey's Story*, by Joe Bryan III. Then Fahey made a fair copy of his own diary and sent it to Bryan. He also sent it to Naval Historian Samuel Eliot Morison, who sent it to Houghton Mifflin with a gracious foreword.

As a reserve rear admiral, Morison recognized Fahey's book as an account of the war that was neither the admirals' war nor the heroes', but the war of those who merely were there.

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